

G. I. JOE

10c

52 BIG PAGES

# G.I. Joe

ANC



**KOREAN FAMILY MAN**

**A Pup, A Kid, and Joe!**

**No. 6**  
**DECEMBER**



**G. I. Joe's Own Story...**  
**IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB**

*Introducing*  
**FRANKIE OF THE PUMP**  
*The Best Cook In The Army!*



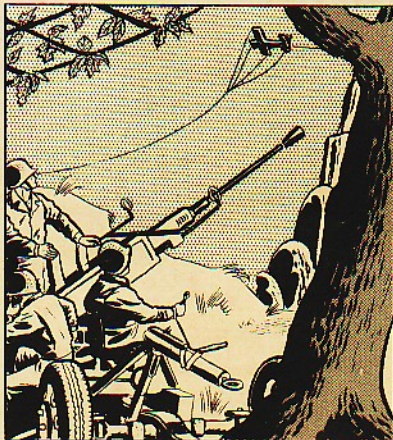


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# ★ ARMY FACTS ★

A KITE USED BY THE ARMY TO TRAIN ITS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS CAN BE MADE TO CLIMB, DIVE, BANK, LOOP, DO FIGURE-EIGHTS, ETC. THIS KITE IS RARELY HIT BY MORE THAN ONE OUT OF 50 SHOTS, EVEN BY THE MOST EXPERT GUNNERS.



A RADIO DEVICE USED BY THE U.S. ARMY CAN DETONATE ONE OR THOUSANDS OF LAND MINES, PLANTED AS FAR AWAY AS 20 MILES, BY CAUSING THEM TO REACT TO THEIR OWN FREQUENCY TRANSMITTED THROUGH A CODE DIALING SYSTEM.



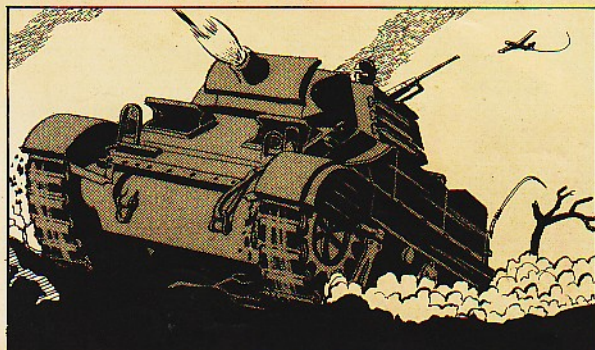
THE UNITED STATES ARMY HAS ITS OWN NAVY. MORE THAN 5000 VESSELS ARE OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNCLE SAM'S LAND FORCES TO CARRY PERSONNEL AND SUPPLIES IN AMPHIBIOUS ATTACKS.



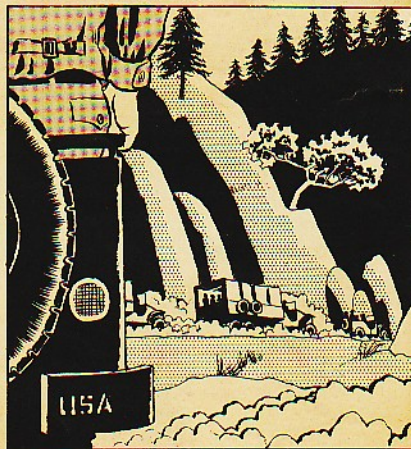
THE U. S. ARMY'S 240-MM HOWITZER IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOBILE GUN. DESIGNED TO DESTROY FORTIFICATIONS, IT HAS A 27-FOOT BARREL AND SHOOTS A 360-POUND PROJECTILE MORE THAN 14 MILES.



THE NAME "TANK" ORIGINATED WHEN THE BRITISH BEGAN SHIPPING THEIR NEW SECRET WEAPON ON FREIGHT CARS IN 1914. THE CRATES WERE MARKED "TANKS" IN ORDER TO CONCEAL THEIR REAL IDENTITY.



TO COVER 150 MILES AN ARMORED DIVISION REQUIRES 2,800 GALLONS OF OIL AND 114,000 GALLONS OF GAS.



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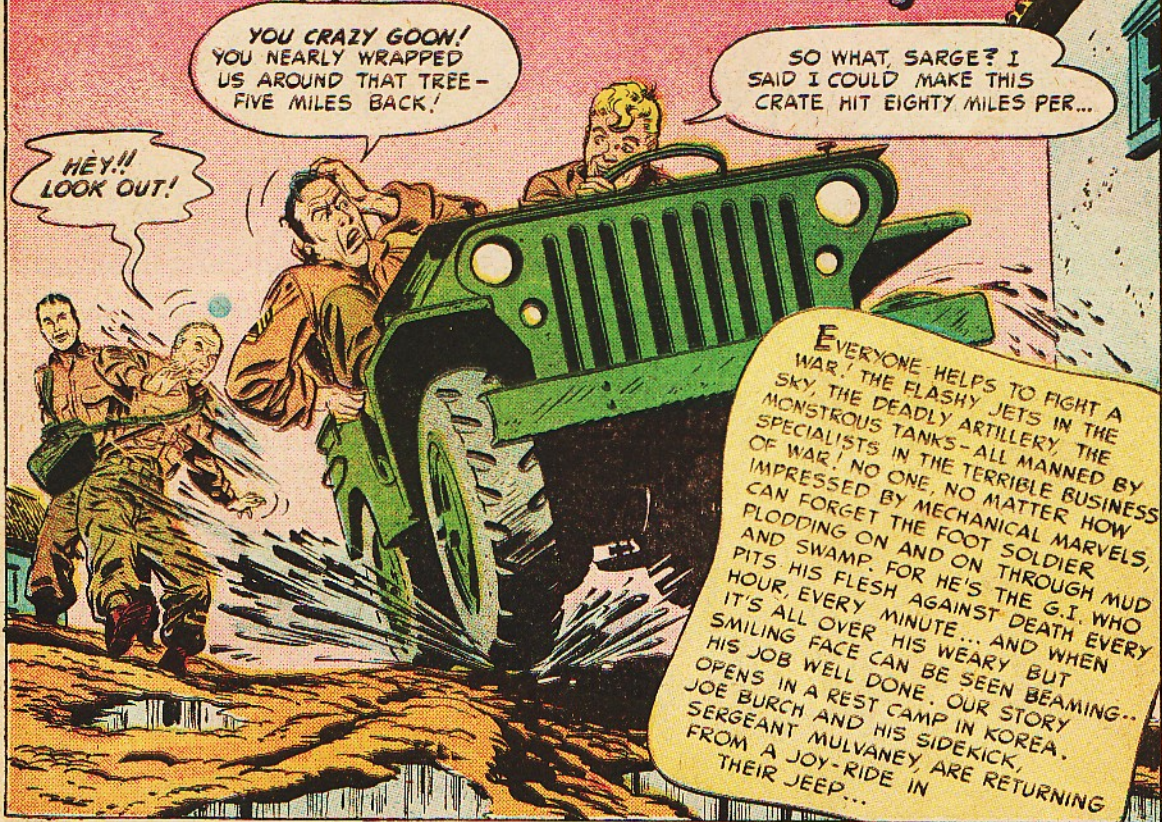
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# G.I. Joe

in

## IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB!

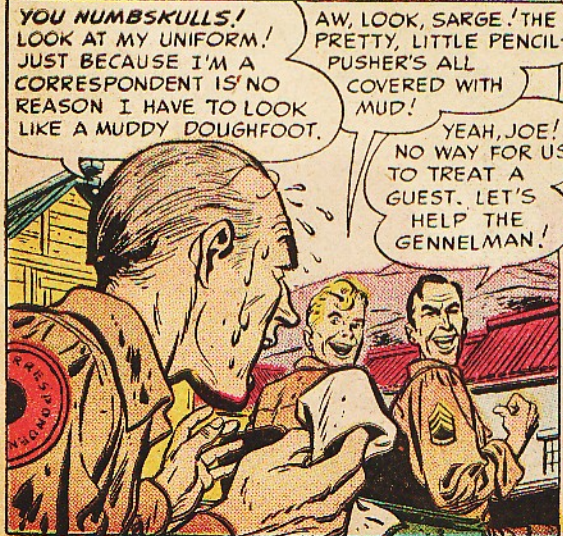


YOU CRAZY GOON!  
YOU NEARLY WRAPPED  
US AROUND THAT TREE-  
FIVE MILES BACK!

SO WHAT, SARGE? I  
SAID I COULD MAKE THIS  
CRATE HIT EIGHTY MILES PER...

HEY!!  
LOOK OUT!

EVERYONE HELPS TO FIGHT A  
WAR! THE FLASHY JETS IN THE  
SKY, THE FLASHY TANKS IN THE  
MONSTROUS TANKS-ALL MANNED BY  
SPECIALISTS IN THE TERRIBLE BUSINESS  
OF WAR! NO ONE, NO MATTER HOW  
IMRESSED BY MECHANICAL MARVELS,  
CAN FORGET THE FOOT SOLDIER  
PLODDING ON AND ON THROUGH MUD  
AND SWAMP. FOR HE'S THE G.I. WHO  
PITS HIS FLESH AGAINST DEATH EVERY  
HOUR, EVERY MINUTE... AND WHEN  
IT'S ALL OVER HIS WEARY BUT  
SMILING FACE CAN BE SEEN BEAMING--  
HIS JOB WELL DONE. OUR STORY  
OPENS IN A REST CAMP IN KOREA.  
JOE BURCH AND HIS SIDEKICK,  
SERGEANT MULVANEY, ARE RETURNING  
FROM A JOY-RIDE IN  
THEIR JEEP...



YOU NUMBSKULLS!  
LOOK AT MY UNIFORM!  
JUST BECAUSE I'M A  
CORRESPONDENT IS NO  
REASON I HAVE TO LOOK  
LIKE A MUDDY DOUGHFOOT.

AW, LOOK, SARGE! THE  
PRETTY, LITTLE PENCIL-  
PUSHER'S ALL  
COVERED WITH  
MUD!

YEAH, JOE!  
NO WAY FOR US  
TO TREAT A  
GUEST. LET'S  
HELP THE  
GENNELMAN!



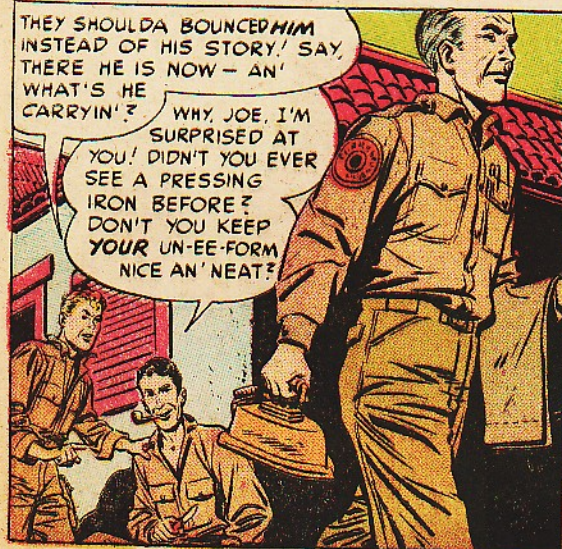
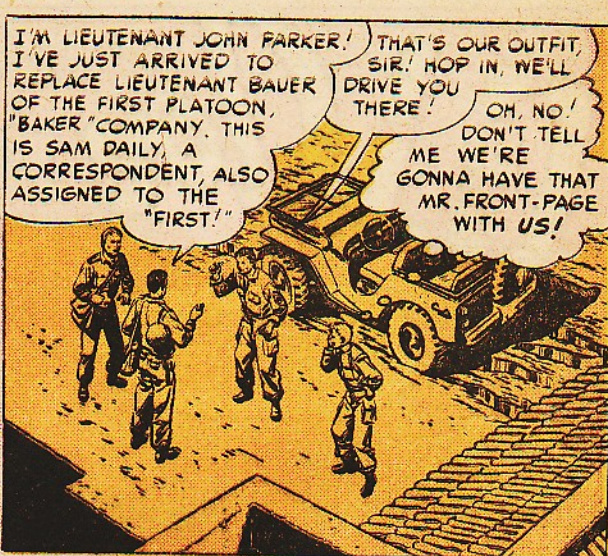
SO SORRY,  
YOUR ROYAL  
CORRESPONDENT!

ACCEPT OUR  
DEEPEST REGRETS,  
MR. GENNELMAN  
OF THE PRESS!

GET OFF  
OF ME, OR  
I'LL HAVE  
YOUR  
HEADS!

AHEM!







HEY, SARGE! I JUST GOT THE WORD! WHAT'S UP!

DON'T KNOW, JOE! THE JUNIOR BRASS IS INSIDE THERE! LT. ROYAL AND THE HARVARD MAN, LT. PARKER! THEY KNOW WHAT'S UP! IT LOOKS BIG, KID!



THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BIG PUSH TO CATCH THE COMMIES IN A GIANT PINCERS, AND DRIVE THEM INTO THE SEA! LT. ROYAL, YOUR OBJECTIVE IS THIS FARMHOUSE RIGHT AT THE JUNCTION. WE HAVE TWO DIVISIONS DUE TO CONVERGE THERE AT PRECISELY 2312 HOURS! **THE FARMHOUSE MUST BE OURS BEFORE THEY ARRIVE!!**



WE'RE USING YOUR PLATOON, LIEUTENANT, SO AS NOT TO GIVE AWAY OUR MOVE TO THE LARGE RED FORCES BEYOND THE FARMHOUSE. WE MUST TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE! SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES, MEN. IT IS NOW 1603 HOURS. YOU HAVE SEVEN HOURS, NINE MINUTES. GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN KING!



A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB IS NEVER DONE, AND OFF HE GOES AGAIN. WHERE? HE DOESN'T KNOW—AND HE DOESN'T ASK!

Y'KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO WHEN I GET OUT, SARGE? I'M MARRYIN' SUSIE, AN' WHEN I WALK DOWN THAT AISLE, S'HELP ME, THAT'S THE LAST MARCHIN' I'M GONNA DO!

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AN' TAKE A LOOK AT MR. DAILY? HE'S WEARIN' A RAIN-COAT SO'S HE WON'T SLOP UP HIS UNIFORM!



WHATTAYA DO IN THE INFANTRY? YA MARCH, YA MARCH, YA MARCH...

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

SO THIS IS THE KOREAN WAR? WHY, THESE MEN SOUND LIKE THEY'RE GOING OUT ON A PICNIC!

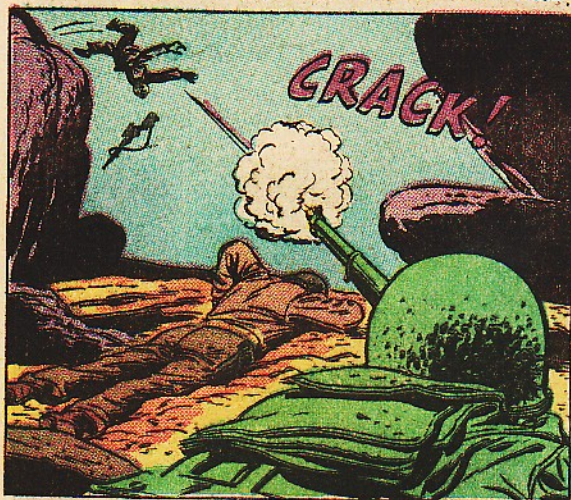


HIT THE DIRT!





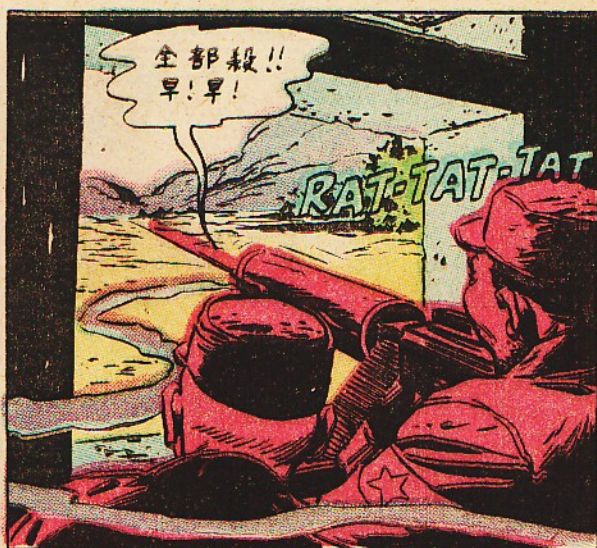
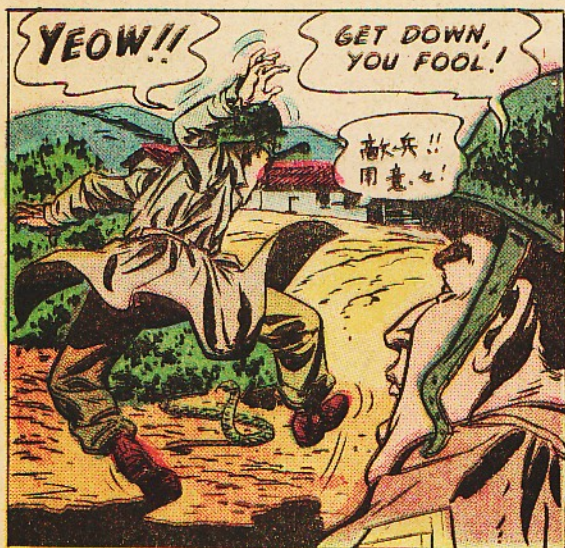
M-1 FLIES TO SHOULDER, SAFETY CATCH CLICKS, A REVERBERATING CRACK, AND THE RED SNIPER FALLS!



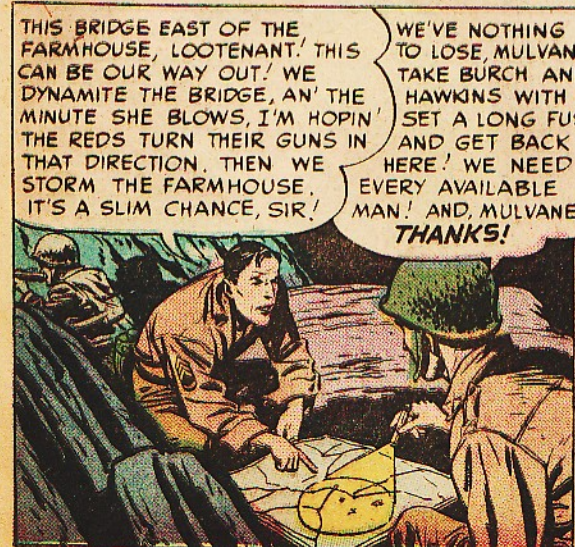
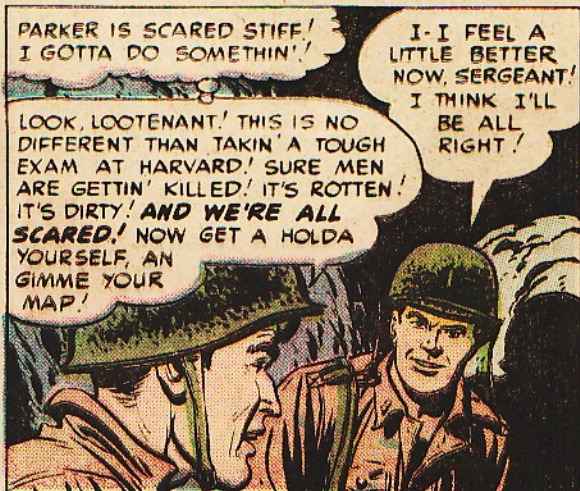
THIS IS AN ODD WAR... A WAR CORRESPONDENT BRIEFS AN ARMY SERGEANT! BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, AND ONCE AGAIN THE FOOT SOLDIER MARCHES. FINALLY, THE OBJECTIVE IS SIGHTED...





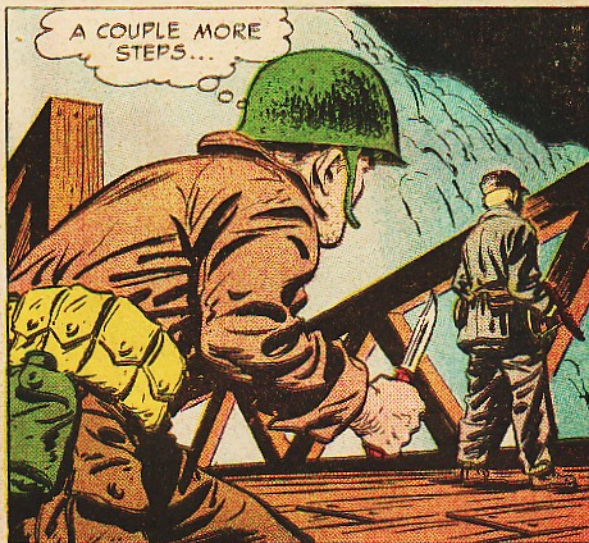
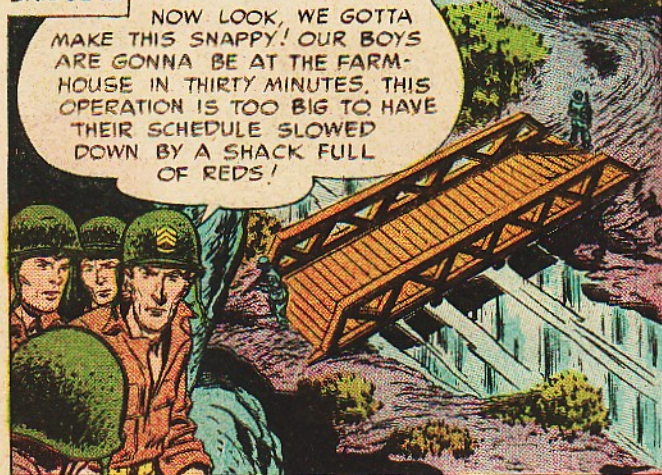


THE FIRING CONTINUES INTO THE NIGHT, AND THE FIRST PLATOON IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE...





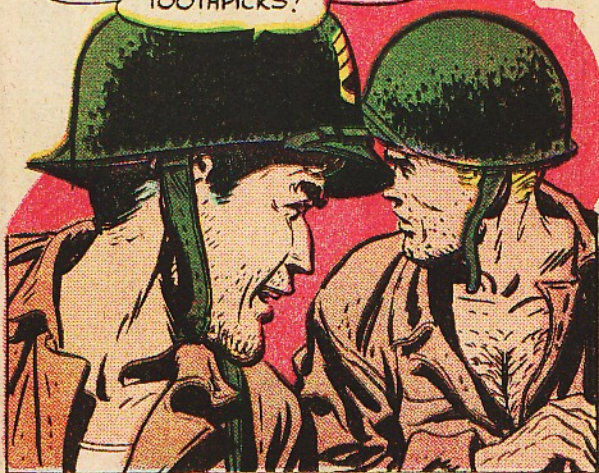
THREE G.I.'S AND ONE NEWSPAPERMAN, HOLDING THE FATE OF A HUGE OFFENSIVE IN THEIR HANDS, ARRIVE AT THE BRIDGE...







GOOD WORK, JOE! NOW LET'S BLOW THIS BRIDGE INTO TOOTHPICKS!



MINUTES ARE PRECIOUS. SWEATY HANDS WORK FAST, THE DYNAMITE IS SET, AND...

ONE SLIM CHANCE— THAT'S ALL IT IS— AND A MAJOR OFFENSIVE HANGS IN THE BALANCE. MINUTES LATER, THE FOUR MEN RETURN...



HOPE THIS WORKS!

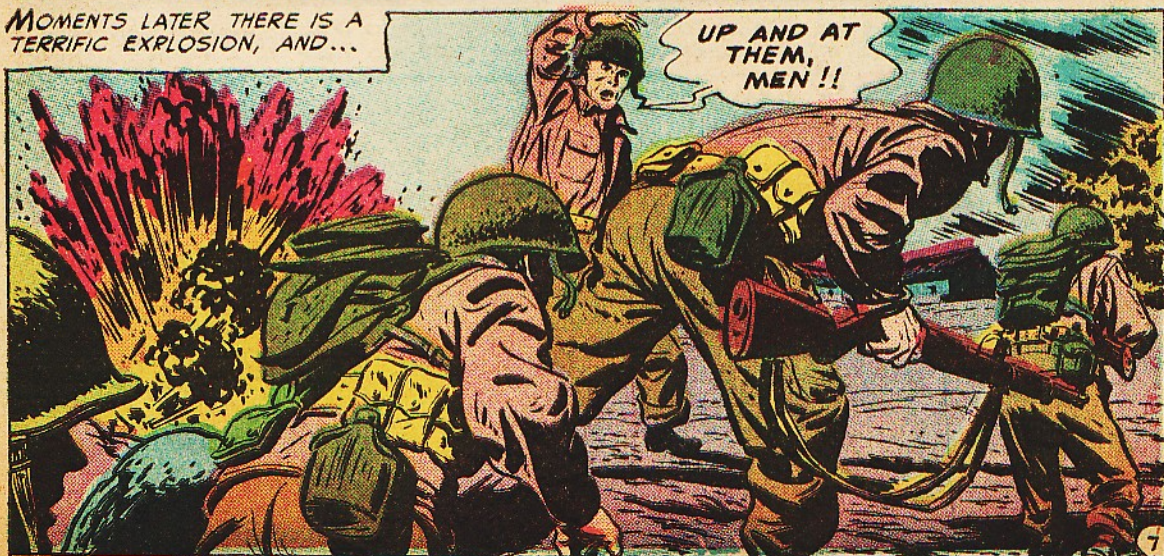
JOE, YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUTA MY MOUTH!



SHE SHOULD BLOW ANY MINUTE, LOOTENANT!

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU FELLOWS! I'VE ALREADY SPREAD THE WORD! THE MEN ARE READY!

MOMENTS LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND...



UP AND AT THEM, MEN !!

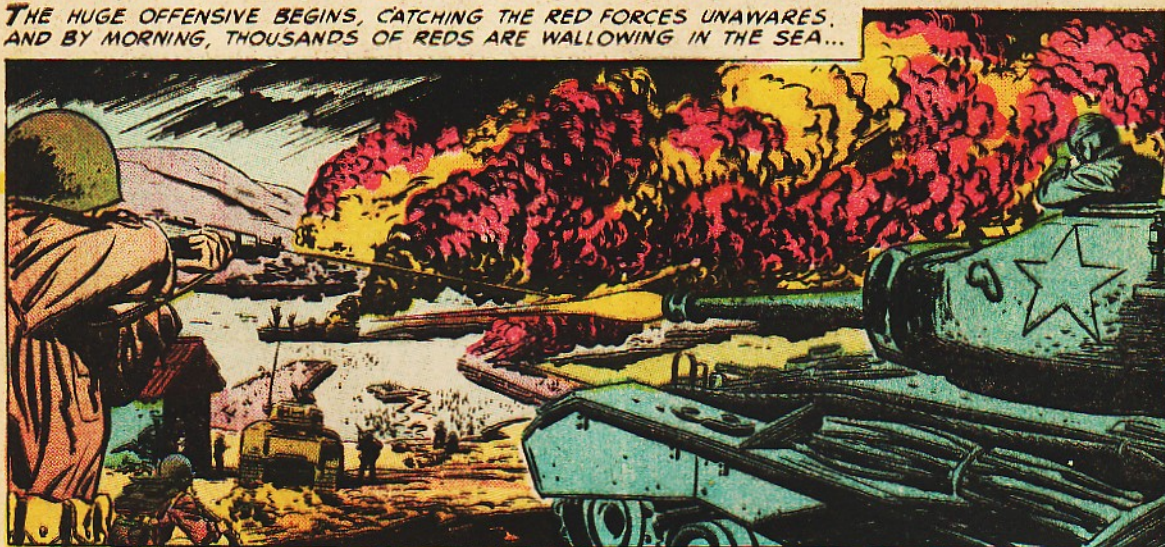


A SLIM CHANCE - BUT IT PAYS OFF AS THE COMMUNISTS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE ...

AND MINUTES LATER, AT PRECISELY 2312 (11:12) HOURS, THE UN JUGGERNAUT ROLLS ON ...



THE HUGE OFFENSIVE BEGINS, CATCHING THE RED FORCES UNAWARES. AND BY MORNING, THOUSANDS OF REDS ARE WALLOWING IN THE SEA...



AND ONCE AGAIN, REST FOR THE WEARY FOOT SOLDIERS WHO HAD PATIENCE WITH A GREEN LIEUTENANT...

AND PATIENCE WITH A WAR CORRESPONDENT WHO LEARNED THAT NO WAR IS A PICNIC...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! AFTER ME...  
FAIR HA-A-VARD, THY  
SONS TO THY JUBILEE  
J THROG... J

FAIR HA-A-VARD, J  
THY SONS TO THY  
JUBILEE THROG... J

OH, NO! THIS  
SHOULD HAPPEN  
TO MY  
COMPANY!

WE STARTED PAINTING THE FIELDS GREEN  
AGAIN, THE SEA BLUE AGAIN... IT'S A  
BIG JOB, BUT JOE, MULVANEY, HOOSIER  
AND THE OTHERS ARE DOING IT - FOR  
IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB...



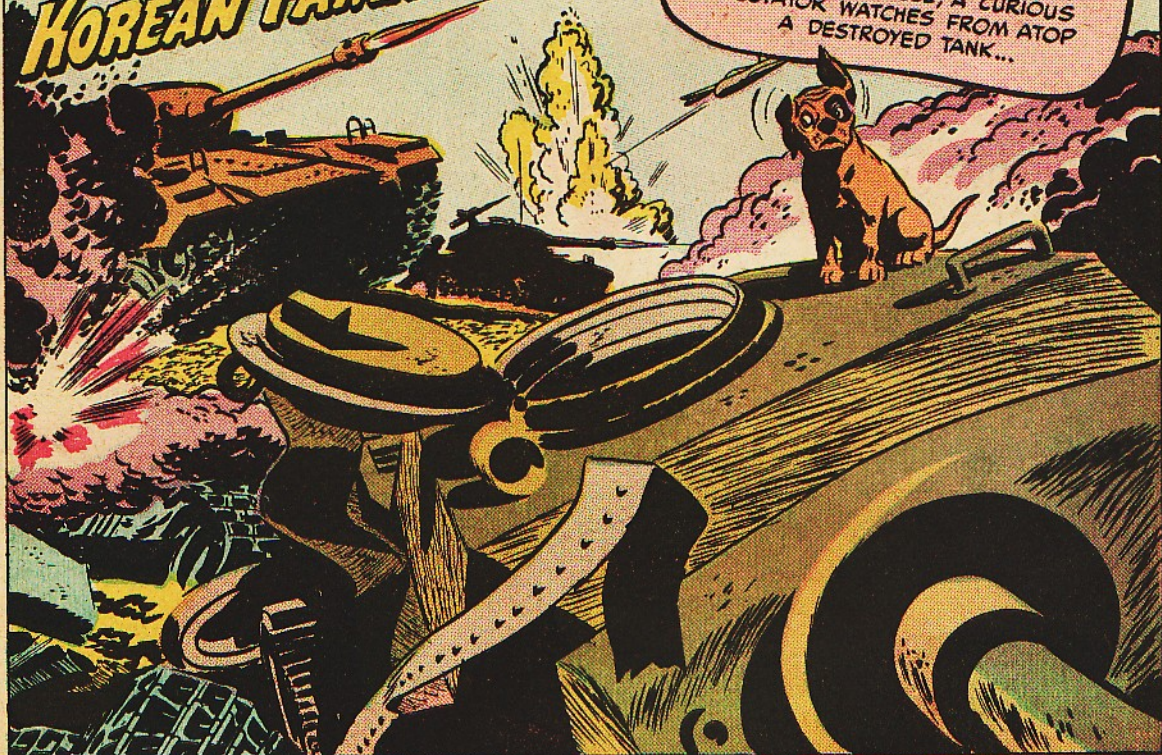
The End



# G.I. Joe in

## KOREAN FAMILY MAN

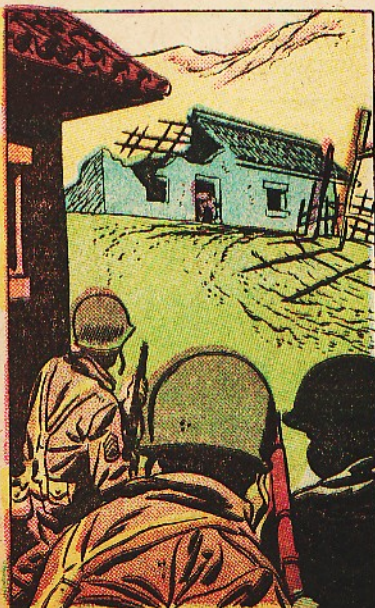
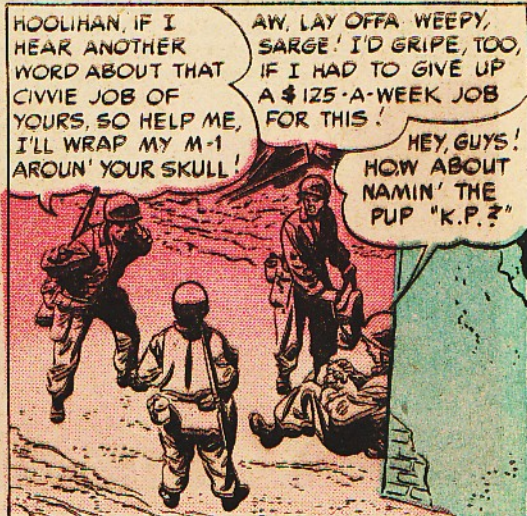
OUR GI IS A LONELY MAN, FINDING COMFORT ONLY IN THE SMALL REMINDERS OF HOME. HIS POSSESSIONS ARE FEW: HIS WEAPON, THE DEADLY AMMO, LETTERS FROM HOME AND PERHAPS, A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS FAVORITE GIRL. HE TREASURES THESE OBJECTS AND RESISTS STUBBORNLY WHEN ANYTHING FORCES HIM TO PART WITH THEM! OUR STORY OPENS IN THE MIDST OF A BLOODY BATTLE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. AS THE GIANT MONSTERS OF WAR HURL THEIR HOT STEEL, A CURIOUS SPECTATOR WATCHES FROM ATOP A DESTROYED TANK...



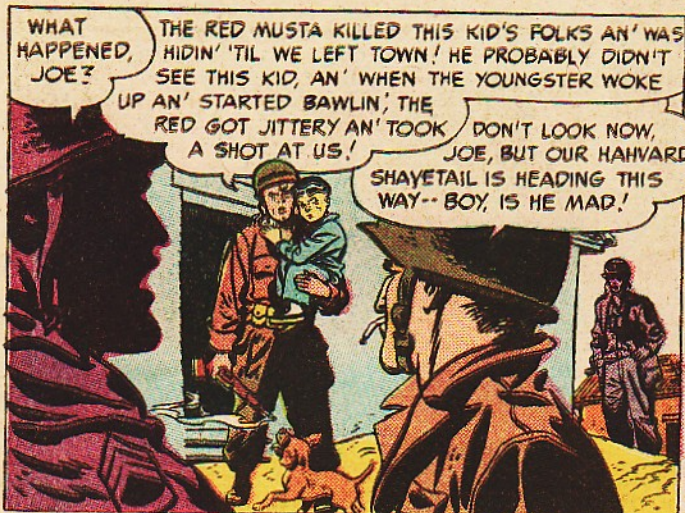












WHAT HAPPENED, JOE?

THE RED MUSTA KILLED THIS KID'S FOLKS AN' WAS HIDIN' 'TIL WE LEFT TOWN! HE PROBABLY DIDN'T SEE THIS KID, AN' WHEN THE YOUNGSTER WOKE UP AN' STARTED BAWLIN', THE RED GOT JITTERY AN' TOOK A SHOT AT US!

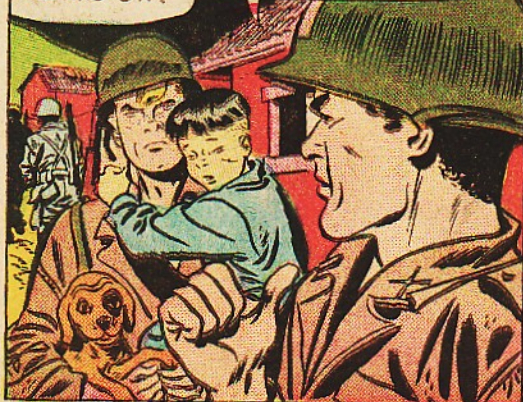
DON'T LOOK NOW, JOE, BUT OUR HAHVARD SHAYETAIL IS HEADING THIS WAY-- BOY, IS HE MAD!



THAT WAS A CRAZY STUNT, BURCH! YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD YOUR FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF!

SORRY, SIR! I GUESS I DIDN'T THINK!

I DON'T WANT ANY HEROICS IN MY OUTFIT, BURCH! MEN LIKE YOU ARE TOO VALUABLE! NOW GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER. WE'RE MOVING ON!



MINUTES LATER THE MEN ARE ONCE AGAIN ON THE MARCH...

HEY, POPPA JOE, I HOPE YOU DON'T MEET A ELERPHANT ON THE ROAD! WHERE YA GONNA PUT HIM?

SAY, POPPA, REMIND ME TO BUILD YA A PAPOOSE-BAG LIKE THE INJUNS USE!



WILL YOU GUYS LAY OFF? THESE LITTLE TYKES LOOK HUNGRY! THEY CAN HAVE MY LAST TWO MEATBALLS!

THANKS, MEATBALL!

MANY HOURS PASS, AND FINALLY A SMALL RIVER IS REACHED...



WE'LL CAMP HERE, MEN! SERGEANT MULVANEY!

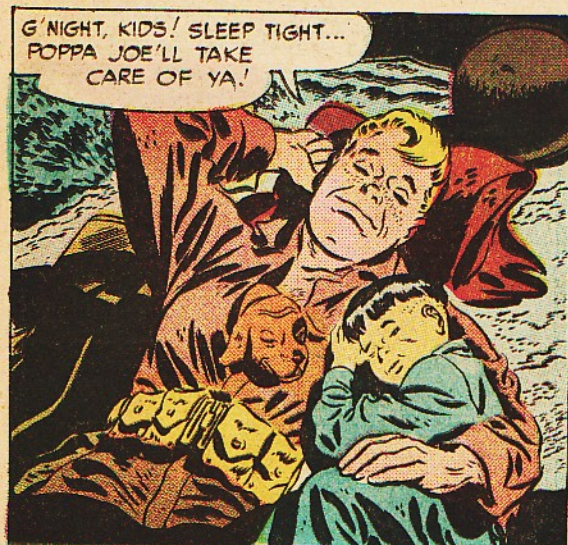
COMIN', SIR!

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, SERGEANT! WE KNOW THE REDS ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE! THEY'RE JUST WAITING FOR US TO CROSS, AND THEN - **BANG!** WE'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF COMMUNIST FIRE! HEADQUARTERS HAS PICKED US TO LEAD THE ATTACK, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?

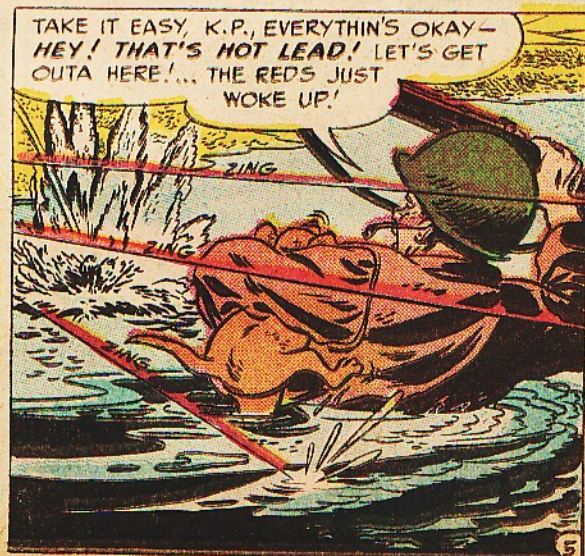
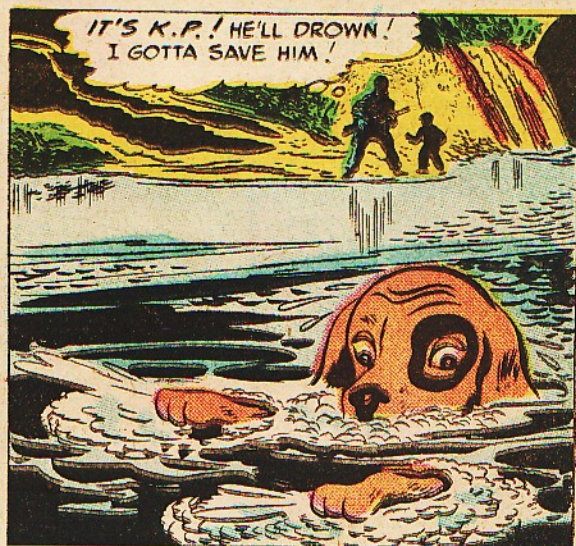
I WISH I KNEW, SIR! I WISH I KNEW...







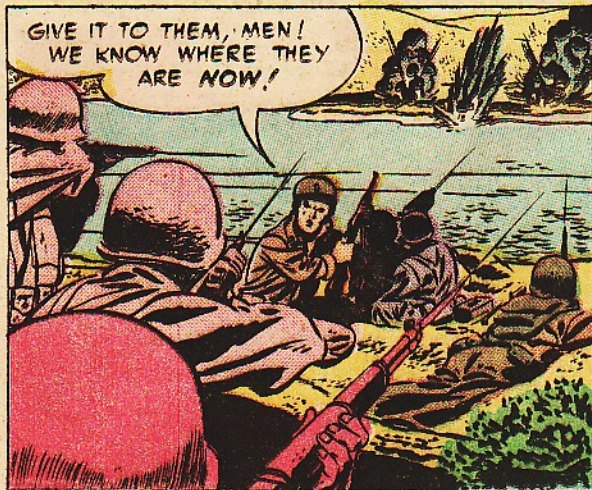
SLEEP COMES EASILY TO THE WEARY G.I., BUT AT THE BREAK OF DAWN JOE STIRS, AND SUDDENLY AWAKENS TO FIND...



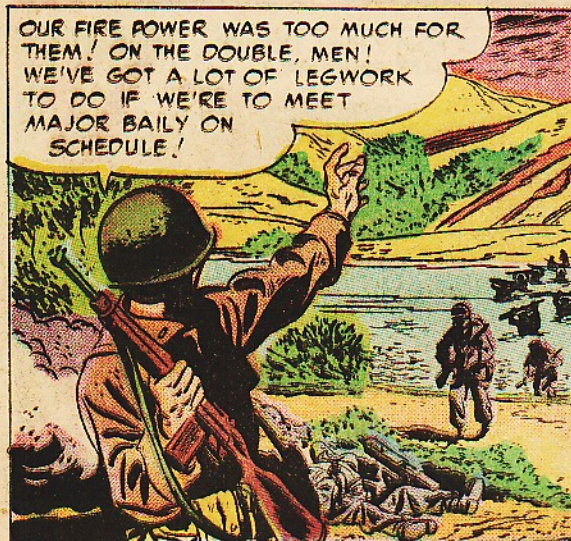
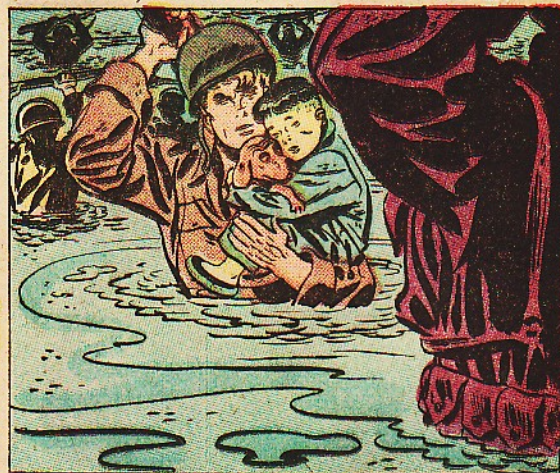


AND BACK ON SHORE, THE COMMUNIST GUNS HAVE ROUSED THE MEN, AND THEY SPRING INTO ACTION...

THE FIRING CONTINUES FOR HOURS, AND THEN—SILENCE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER. CAUTIOUSLY, THE G.I.'S BEGIN TO CROSS...



GIVE IT TO THEM, MEN!  
WE KNOW WHERE THEY  
ARE NOW!



OUR FIRE POWER WAS TOO MUCH FOR  
THEM! ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!  
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF LEGWORK  
TO DO IF WE'RE TO MEET  
MAJOR BAILY ON  
SCHEDULE!

AN HOUR LATER THE FIRST PLATOON ARRIVES  
IN A BATTERED KOREAN TOWN...



THIS IS IT, MULVANEY!  
WE'LL JOIN THE  
MAJOR HERE!

OKAY, GUYS! GIVE  
YER TOOTSIES A  
REST!

AND SOON MAJOR BAILY ARRIVES RIGHT ON  
SCHEDULE...



CONGRATULATIONS,  
PARKER! YOU DID  
A FINE JOB!

WELL, SIR—IF IT WASN'T  
FOR PRIVATE BURCH WE'D  
STILL BE CAMPED ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
RIVER!

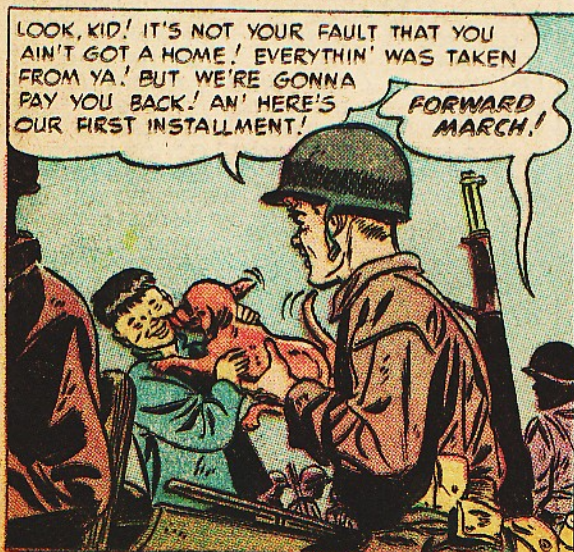
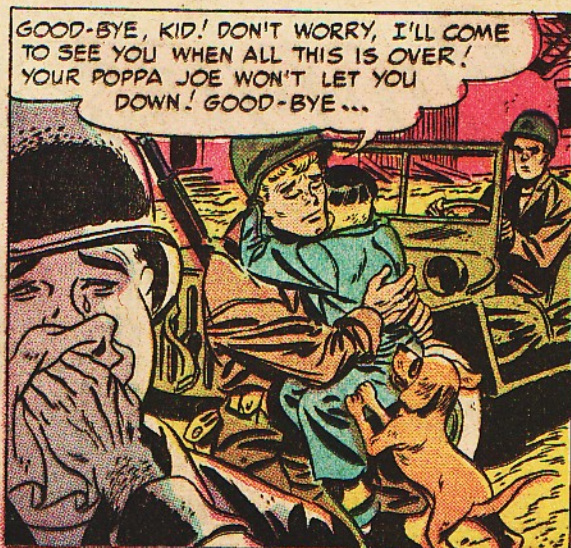
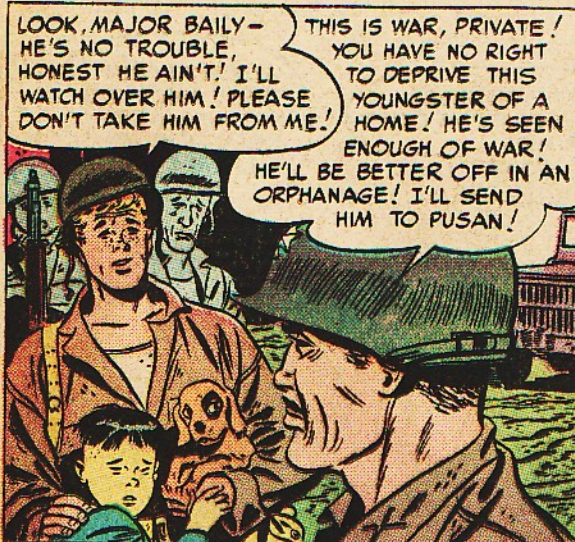


FINE! FINE! SAY,  
SOLDIER, WHAT'S  
THAT YOUNGSTER  
DOING HERE!  
BRING HIM  
TO ME!



YOUNGSTER, MAJOR?  
I—UH—YES, SIR!







# BUDDIES

## in FRANKIE of the PUMP!

**E**VERY OUTFIT HAS ITS GOLDBRICKS. "BAKER" COMPANY IS NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CHOW, IT NEVER FAILS TO HAVE 100 PER CENT ATTENDANCE. COMPANY COOK FRANCOIS DE LA SALLE IS RESPONSIBLE, FOR HIS SUPER-DOOPER COOKING IS THE TALK OF KOREA. AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE SEE A SMALL INFANTRY PATROL ON ITS WAY BACK TO CAMP, ..

C'MON, YOU GUNS!  
LET'S HUSTLE! YA DON'T  
WANNA MISS  
CHOW, DO YA?

CLOSE TO CHOW  
TIME? **WOW!** I'M  
NOT MISSIN' ONE O'  
**FRANKIE'S MEALS!**  
LET'S DOUBLE-  
TIME IT!



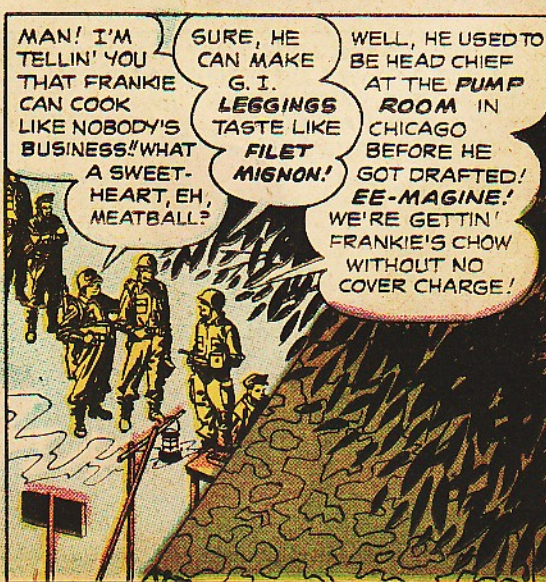
GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT WE  
DINE ON ZE CHEEPEED BEEF  
ON A SHINGLE A-LA-PORT-  
MANTEAU... AND ZE BOU-  
QUET, SHE EEZ DEVINE!



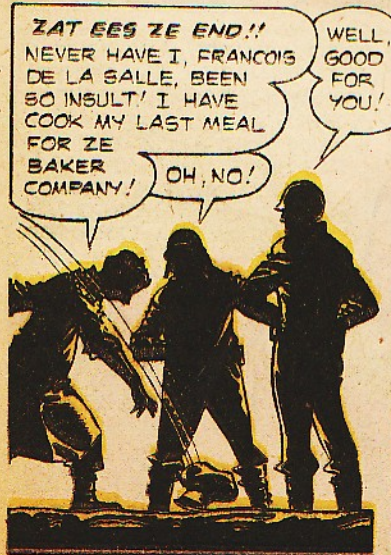
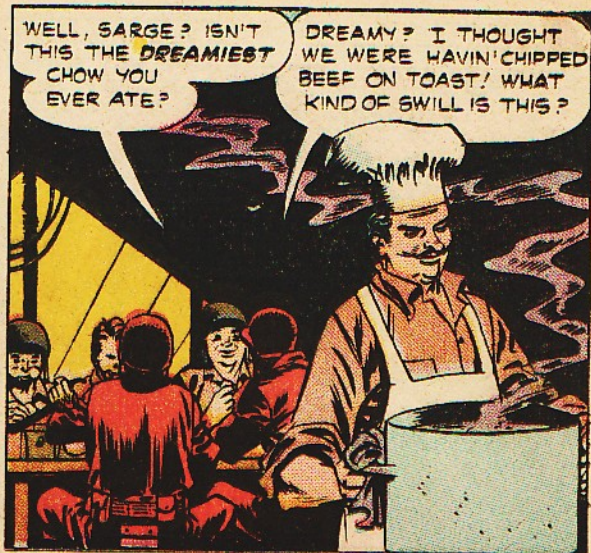
MAN! I'M  
TELLIN' YOU  
THAT FRANKIE  
CAN COOK  
LIKE NOBODY'S  
BUSINESS! WHAT  
A SWEET-  
HEART, EH,  
MEATBALL?

SURE, HE  
CAN MAKE  
G. I.  
LEGGINGS  
TASTE LIKE  
**FILET  
MIGNON!**

WELL, HE USED TO  
BE HEAD CHIEF  
AT THE **PUMP  
ROOM** IN  
CHICAGO  
BEFORE HE  
GOT DRAFTED!  
**EE-MAGINE!**  
WE'RE GETTIN'  
FRANKIE'S CHOW  
WITHOUT NO  
COVER CHARGE!









**A** FEW MOMENTS LATER,  
INSIDE THE COMPANY  
COMMANDER'S TENT...



HELLO,  
FRANKIE,  
WHAT'S  
ON YOUR  
MIND?

CAP-  
TAIN KING, I HAVE  
COME TO REQUEST  
ZE TRANSFER! I  
HAVE COOK MY  
LAST MEAL FOR ZIS  
BAKER COMPANY! I  
AM NOT WANTED HERE!

WHAT? WHY, THAT'S ABSURD!  
THE MEN **LOVE** YOUR COOK-  
ING! WHY, EVEN  
THE **COMPANY**  
**OFFICERS AND I**  
EAT IN THE ENLISTED  
MEN'S MESS!



CAPTAIN,  
**PLEASE!**  
I WANT ZE  
TRANSFER!

BY  
GEORGE,  
I WON'T  
LET YOU  
GO!  
THROW ME IN ZE  
STOCKADE! SHOOT ME  
IN ZE SQUAD ZAT  
FIRES! BUT **NEVER**  
WILL FRANCOIS DE LA  
SALLE COOK OUT  
ANNOZER DROP OF  
FOOD FOR ZE BAKER  
COMPANY.



**M**EANWHILE, WORD  
HAS SPREAD AND IN  
"CHARLIE" COMPANY...



...AND  
THAT'S  
HOW I  
HEARD IT,  
CAPTAIN  
JEROME!

FRANKIE  
OF THE PUMP  
WANTS OUT?  
I'LL GO SEE  
COLONEL  
MACREADY  
RIGHT AWAY!

**A**ND IN A  
FEW MINUTES...

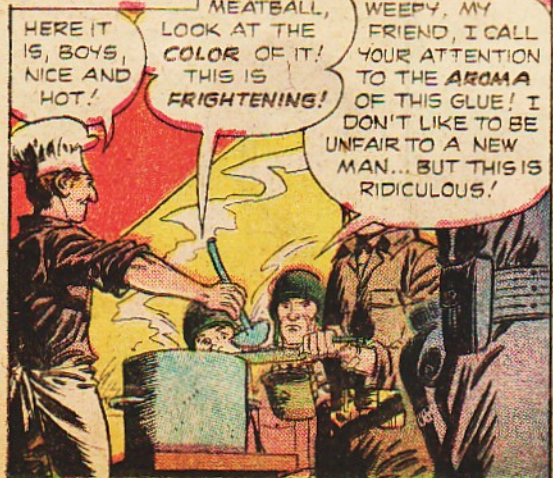


AUTHORIZE THE TRANSFER,  
COLONEL! YOU CAN BE SURE  
**WE'LL TREAT FRANKIE**  
BETTER THAN BAKER  
COMPANY DID!

...VERY KIND  
OF YOU TO

CAPTAIN JEROME,  
I DON'T CARE  
**WHAT COMPANY**  
HE'S IN AS LONG  
AS HE STAYS  
HAPPY... AND IN  
MY COMMAND!

**T**HE NEXT DAY BAKER COMPANY IS ASSIGNED A  
NEW COOK, AND THE BOYS RELUCTANTLY LINE  
UP FOR CHOW...



HERE IT  
IS, BOYS,  
NICE AND  
HOT!

MEATBALL,  
LOOK AT THE  
**COLOR OF IT!**  
THIS IS  
**FRIGHTENING!**

WEEPY, MY  
FRIEND, I CALL  
YOUR ATTENTION  
TO THE **AROMA**  
OF THIS GLUE! I  
DON'T LIKE TO BE  
UNFAIR TO A NEW  
MAN... BUT THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS!



**DEEEELICIOUS!**  
MMMM! I'M  
GOING BACK FOR  
**SECONDS!**

WEEPY, WHAT'S  
THE PENALTY  
FOR **STRANGLING**  
A "FELLOW  
WARRIOR" IN  
THIS HERE  
ARMY?

DON'T  
BOTHR,  
MEATBALL,  
THAT  
**SECOND**  
**HELPING**  
IS BOUND  
TO DO THE  
TRICK FOR  
US... I  
HOPE!



**MEANWHILE, IN THE CHARLIE COMPANY MESS...**

OH, MAMA! SMELL THAT LOVELY STUFF!

ZERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT!

FRANKIE, DON'T FORGET TO SAVE SOME FOR COLONEL MACREADY AND HIS STAFF -- THEY'RE COMING IN NOW.



**BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN A COMMUNIST TENT...**

HELLO, HEADQUARTERS. THIS IS TANK CAPTAIN WU HAN READY FOR ATTACK. REQUEST ARTILLERY SUPPORT IN NINETY SECONDS! OVER!



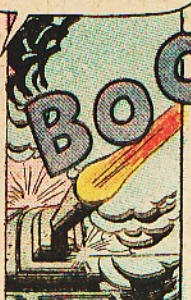
FRANKIE, THIS SPANISH OMELET IS SUPERB! MY COMPLIMENTS!

COLONEL MACREADY! BEGGIN' YOU PARDON, SIR, BUT THE REDS ARE MAKIN' A SNEAK ATTACK!

**WHAT!!** LIEUTENANT ROGERS, RADIO IMMEDIATELY FOR TANKS FROM GHQ! CAPTAIN JEROME, HAVE YOUR MEN FORM A REPULSE LINE!

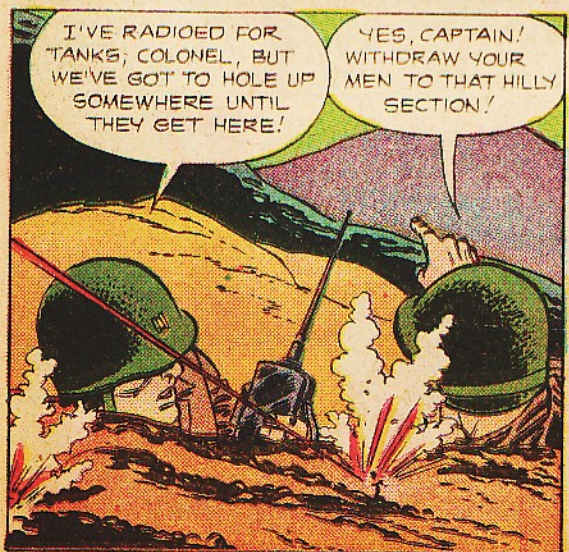
YES, SIR! **BATTLE STATIONS!!** BREAK OUT BAZOOKA TEAMS, RECOILLESS RIFLEMEN AND ANTI-TANK CREWS TO YOUR POSITIONS! **ON THE DOUBLE!**

**IN A FEW MOMENTS THE QUIET REST CAMP HAS TURNED INTO A SCREECHING BATTLEGROUND!**



I'VE RADIOED FOR TANKS, COLONEL, BUT WE'VE GOT TO HOLE UP SOMEWHERE UNTIL THEY GET HERE!

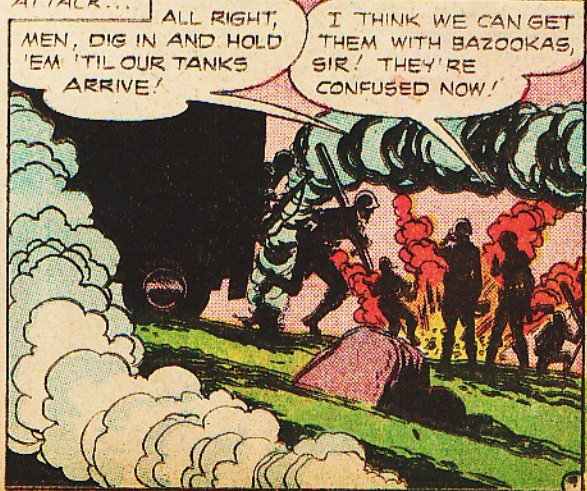
YES, CAPTAIN! WITHDRAW YOUR MEN TO THAT HILLY SECTION!



**MEANWHILE, BAKER COMPANY, THE NEAREST TO THE EMBATTLED "CHARLIE" G.I.'S, MOVES IN FOR ATTACK...**

ALL RIGHT, MEN, DIG IN AND HOLD 'EM 'TIL OUR TANKS ARRIVE!

I THINK WE CAN GET THEM WITH BAZOOKAS, SIR! THEY'RE CONFUSED NOW!





**THE BAZOOKA ACTION OF BAKER COMPANY IS TOO MUCH FOR THE REDS, AND THEY RETREAT BACK TO THE FIELD...**

THAT DID IT, SIR! WHEN OUR TANKS GET HERE, THEY CAN GO IN AFTER THEM!

RIGHT! NOW, CAPTAIN KING, LET'S LOOK TO OUR WOUNDED.



ACTION REPORT IS SIX DEAD, EIGHTEEN MEN WOUNDED AND ONE MAN MISSING... PROBABLY TAKEN PRISONER!!

AN' THAT MISSIN' MAN IS... **FRANKIE DE LA SALLE!**



LA SALLE A PRISONER? ISN'T THAT "FRANKIE OF THE PUMP?"

HENSHAW! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!



MESSAGE FROM GHQ, SIR! ALL OUR TANKS ARE TIED UP IN ACTION TO THE NORTH! WE CAN'T GO IN AFTER THOSE REDS!

OH, NO! FRANKIE... OUR FRANKIE! HENSHAW! I COULD STRANGLE YOU!

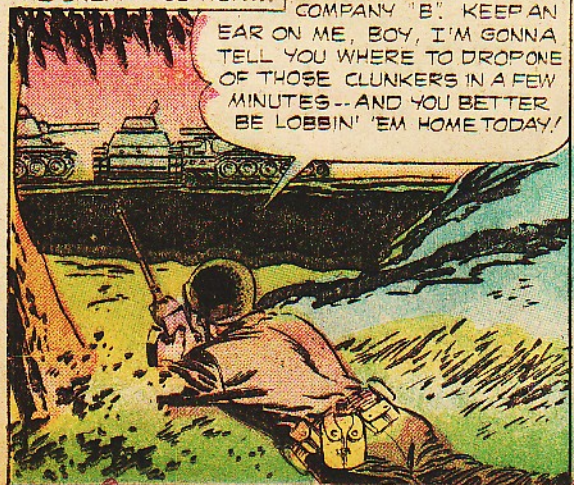


OKAY, LOUDMOUTH! YOU WANT FRANKIE BACK SO BAD? I'LL GO IN AND GET HIM FOR YOU! GIMME THAT TELEPHONE!



**I**N A FEW MOMENTS HENSHAW REACHES THE ENEMY POSITION...

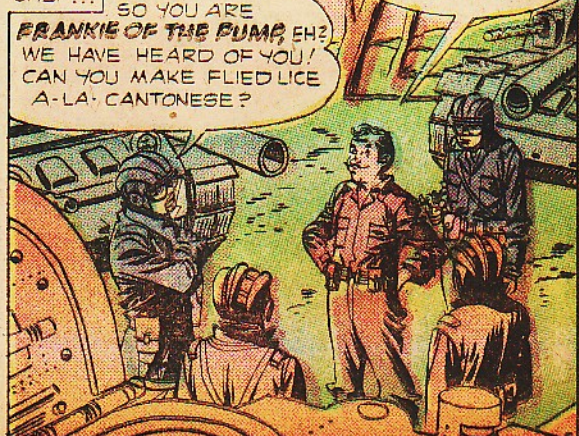
HELLO, ARTILLERY! THIS IS SCOUT BLUE FROM COMPANY "B". KEEP AN EAR ON ME, BOY, I'M GONNA TELL YOU WHERE TO DROP ONE OF THOSE CLUNKERS IN A FEW MINUTES-- AND YOU BETTER BE LOBBIN' 'EM HOME TODAY!



**A**ND MEANWHILE THE RED TANK CREWS, FEELING MOMENTARILY SAFE, QUESTION THE CAPTURED CHEF...

SO YOU ARE FRANKIE OF THE PUMP, EH? WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU! CAN YOU MAKE FLIED LICE A-LA CANTONESE?

ZAT IS AN INSULT! I CAN MAKE ANY-ZING! BUT NOT FOR YOU!





**S**ERGEANT HENSHAW TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE LULL TO PUT HIS BOLD PLAN INTO ACTION...



YOU WILL COOK FOR US! WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE YOU!

NEVAIRE

I HOPE I CAN GET THIS SARDINE CAN TO RUN...

**S**UDDENLY, HENSHAW WHEELS THE RED TANK AROUND AND...

OKAY, YOU MONKEYS-- DON'T MOVE! FRANKIE! GET INTO THE TANK! IT'S ME-- HENSHAW!

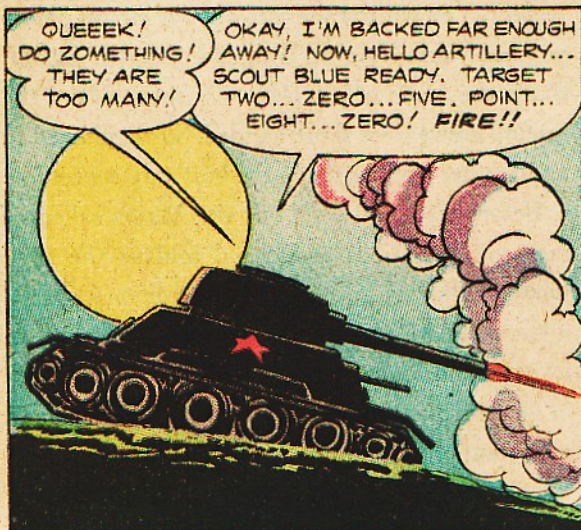
HENSHAW!! YOU INSULT MY COOKING! I HATE YOU! GO AWAY!!



OKAY, OKAY! THEN... I APOLOGIZE! BUT GET IN HERE!

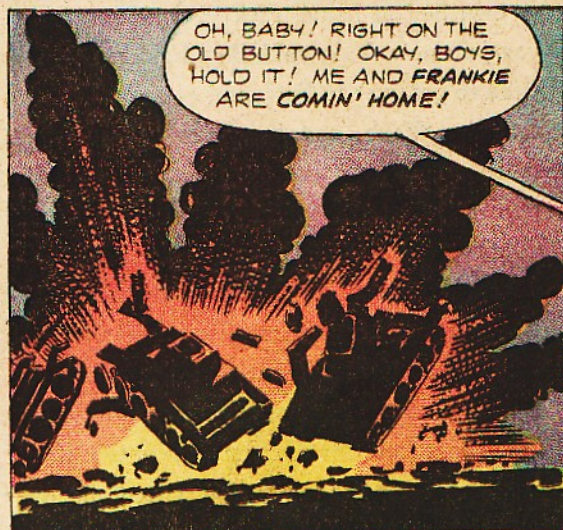
AH, ZAT IS BETTER! NOW I GET IN!

MEN, INTO YOUR TANKS, QUICKLY!

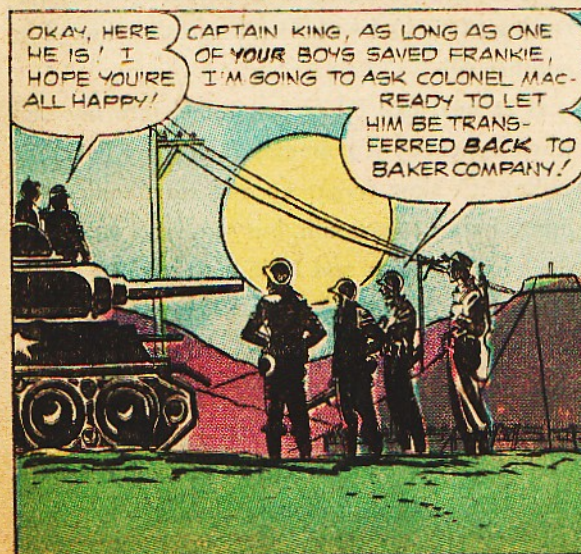


QUEEEK! DO SOMETHING! THEY ARE TOO MANY!

OKAY, I'M BACKED FAR ENOUGH AWAY! NOW, HELLO ARTILLERY... SCOUT BLUE READY. TARGET TWO... ZERO... FIVE. POINT... EIGHT... ZERO! FIRE!!



OH, BABY! RIGHT ON THE OLD BUTTON! OKAY, BOYS, HOLD IT! ME AND FRANKIE ARE COMIN' HOME!



OKAY, HERE HE IS! I HOPE YOU'RE ALL HAPPY!

CAPTAIN KING, AS LONG AS ONE OF YOUR BOYS SAVED FRANKIE, I'M GOING TO ASK COLONEL MAC-READY TO LET HIM BE TRANSFERRED BACK TO BAKER COMPANY!

**A**ND SO, LATER THAT NIGHT, FRANKIE WHIPS UP A REAL FEAST FOR HIS OLD BUDDIES OF BAKER COMPANY. AND FOR HENSHAW A SPECIAL DISH...



FRANKIE, I'M TELLIN' YOU, YOU CAN WARM UP C-RATIONS BETTER THAN ANY COOK IN THE WHOLE ARMY!

LET ZE OTHERS EAT WHAT ZEY LIKE! FOR YOU, MY BUDDY, I MAKE EVEN--UGH-- C-RATIONS!

THE END



# AIR FORCE BLUES

What is it with you dogfaces? How come you always think us Air Force Joes live a life of ease and luxury. Now if I was a swabbie wearing bell bottoms, sailing around on a nice clean ship, I could go for that guff. But here you are giving me a lot of malarkey about how good the Air Force food is, how we sleep late, never do anything dangerous. Huh! Seems to me I heard the same line when I was still back in the States. Stateside duty, boy! That's for me!

"Join the Air Force," they said. Good food, clean living, regular hours, safer than sleeping in your own bed at home. Pick your overseas base if you join now. Yak, yak! Boy, how I've always wanted to get over to Paris and go out with those ma'mselles. Yeah, and have tea and crumpets with some of those cute British gals. So what happens?

Everything is nice and quiet in the world, until I join up. No sooner do I put on my Air Force blues than the North Koreans decide they like South Korea better and figure it's time to move in.

I join up and put in for European duty—they tell me those frauleins are pretty nice, too. But it seems General Eisenhower don't need me over there. Seems General Ridgway personally requested that I join him in a little patrol duty over Korea way. Who am I to argue? We fuel up our bomber and in a couple of hops, Hawaii, Guam, Tokyo—bing! We're in on this patrol action.

It's not so bad in Korea except that it gets mighty cold when it's not being mighty hot. They got no in between, you know. Just hot and cold. Besides which I've got the loneliest job in the Air Force—rear gunner. Let me tell you, guys, it's no fun flying up there at twenty-thousand feet, lying on your belly, with your back to the rest of the crew, looking down over four miles of nothing. You see where you came from, but you don't see or know where you're going.

Either of you guys ever fly before? No, I guess you haven't. Let me tell you about the last flight I made. I remember I rolled into my sack about midnight. We had just come back in from a mission on a target on the Yalu River. We didn't hit up with much Red resistance on that one. Only got shot up a little by a couple of jets that tore by so fast that we didn't know they were there until they were gone. Didn't hurt us bad, though—only peeled off part of one wing.

We were dog-tired when we made it back to the base. But the Air Force is like the Cavalry in one respect. You got to take care of your mount before you bed yourself down. Well, old "Snortin' Suzie," that's the name of our ship, was shot-up and the ground crews were short handed. So we pitched in and got her back in shape the best way we could.

Before we could sack out the Major called us into the operations shack and told us the good news. "Fellows," he says, "I need you on a special mission. There's a particular power plant that we want to knock out and it's a one plane job—sneak in fast, hit the target and out." Of course, the old man went on, he didn't want to rush us, but would we be ready for briefing at 0500 hours. Boy! In from a tough mission and us with only five hours staring us in the face before we go shooting off on another dilly.

It seemed like I had just rolled into my sack when somebody is pounding me on my back and yelling it's time to get up and start rolling. Go jump, I start to tell him, but some fool turned on the barracks lights and I kind of recognize Major Morrisson standing over me. I figured that this is all a dream, but the minute my tootsies hit that cold concrete floor, buddy, that was no dream. How come Korea is the coldest, dampest place in the world at four o'clock in the morning? FOUR O'CLOCK? I took a double check on my chronometer. How d'ya like that? They tell us 0500



and here they come waking us up at 0400. What kind of war is this? So half-awake I stagger into my flight gear. I remember someone half-pushing, half-leading me out to the truck that carried us over to the mess hall.

Breakfast at four o'clock in the morning. That tasty, delicious food you guys are talking about. SCRUMPTIOUS dehydrated eggs; that LOVELY greasy bacon and coffee—COFFEE? The North Korean fifth column, you mean! If the jets don't get you the coffee will.

Just in case you're not already sick they got a special guy to finish the job. All he does is drive a jeep back and forth between the operations office and the flight line. He must hate his job because he treated that jeep like it was a wild bronco needing to be busted. I didn't mind that so much but there were seven other guys in that jeep including myself—not to mention the powdered eggs, greasy bacon and, ugh, coffee.

Well, by the time the tower had cleared our bomber for take-off I was a mighty unhappy fly-boy. All I did was lie there in the tail on my belly and groan. But sick or no, it's a tremendous feeling when you feel those props take hold. Suddenly you feel yourself lifted away from the earth. And there's nobody closer to that sensation than the tail-gunner.

You think a lot of funny things up there. It's another world—and don't think I'm going corny on you when I tell you that up there, alone, with nothing but the clear sky around you, you really feel close to God. No kidding, it really gets you.

Well, anyway, there we are at twenty-thousand feet, buzzing along for our target. No fighter protection, no escort, *no nothing*. I'm thinking about how nice it is back in the barracks in the sack. I'm trying to remember what a chocolate ice-cream soda tastes like. I'm thinking of ma'mselles and frauleins when ZOOM—ZOOM—ZOOM! Just like that, three flashes of lightning go zooming by. Only that's not lightning, buster, those are rockets—and not the Fourth of July kind! Here I am dozing

like a dope and don't have my intercom tuned in. No sooner do I tune it in than I get the story, loud and clear. We hit the jackpot, a whole nest of YAK's. Russian-built fighters to you dogfaces.

They're buzzing around us like a bunch of hornets. From what I can make out there's three of them.

"YAK twelve o'clock high!" I hear the skipper shout. The waist gunner yells out that he picks him up at three o'clock. This guy is coming from up high and making a pass and maybe intends to come up underneath I figured. Well, fellows, put me up at the head of the class. This YAK comes by at six o'clock whistling like a tea kettle. He kept right on going and straight for the deep six 'cause I laid it into him with a solid burst from the .50 caliber right on the schnozz.

The other boys aren't doing too bad, either. Suddenly the plane jumps like we've been caught up in a tidal wave and I look down—right down into a huge inferno with tremendous clouds of smoke puffing up. While we were busy fighting off these planes the skipper brought old Snortin' Suzie in on the target and the bombardier laid his eggs right down the slot. "Mission accomplished." Now to get home.

The two YAK's that were left made a couple of more passes and then scooted off for home. I guess they kinda had their fill of U.S.A. .50-caliber slugs. Suzie was snorting and sputtering, but you can't keep an old mare down. We limped along and finally pulled back to our home base. You know, with all my griping, that old beat-up runway sure looked good to me.

What, you going already, guys? Thanks for coming up to the hospital to see a beat-up fly-boy. Can I help it if that cross-eyed Red hit me with the first rocket blast? Just careless of me to have got in the way, that's all. And look, if you get to see any of them ma'mselles or frauleins when you're reassigned, say hello for me, will ya? Looks like I'm stuck here for a while...

THE END



# G.I. JOE IN 23 NOTCHES FOR ZEB!

BY JINGO! I GOT ME ANOTHER ONE, JOE!

THE BATTLING G.I. IS A VERY BUSY MAN, BUT HE STILL FINDS TIME TO THINK AND TO WORRY ABOUT HIS LOVED HOME. THAT IS WHY THE NEWS FROM HOME HAS A GREAT EFFECT ON THE EFFICIENCY OF THIS FIGHTING MACHINE. THIS IS THE STORY OF ZEB MCCrackEN, THE 18-YEAR PRIDE OF KENTUCKY, OUR SCENE IS A BATTLEFIELD NORTH OF SEOUL, WHERE G.I. JOE BURCH'S OUTFIT, THE FIRST PLATOON "BAKER" COMPANY, IS DWELLING WITH THE ENEMY... AND WE LIKE MCCrackEN DOING THE THING HE LIKES BEST - FIRING HIS SHOOTIN' IRON...

HOW MANY NOTCHES YOU GOT NOW, ZEB?

23!! ONE MORE'N WE GOT IN THE FAMILY BACK HOME. IT GOT SO BAD IN OUR CABIN THAT THAR WAS NO MORE ROOM. SO I FIGGERED I MIGHT AS WELL JOIN UP - AN' HERE I AM...

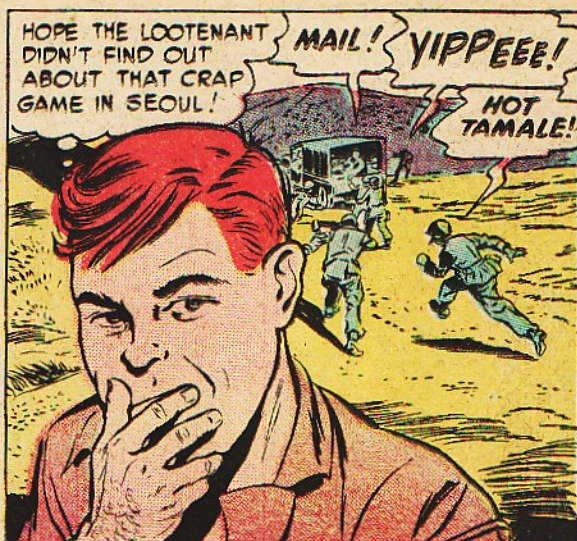
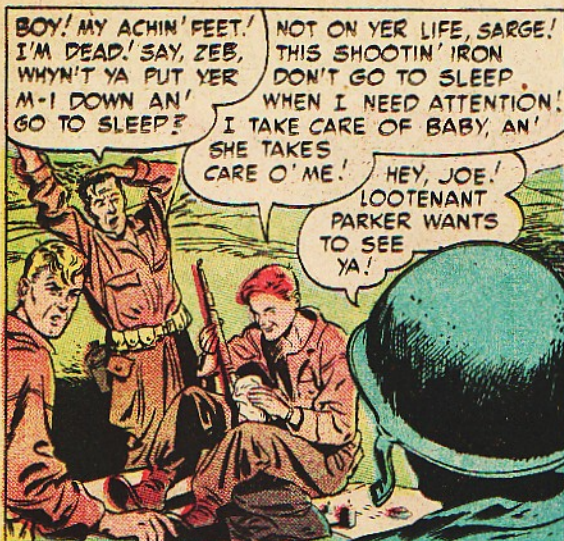
UP AND AT THEM, MEN!

COMBAT TIRES A MAN, BUT THE WEARY FIRST PLATOON HAS A JOB TO DO AND IT RISES TO SEEK OUT A FLEEING FOE...

LISTEN TO OUR HARVARD LOOTENANT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE! FALL OUT!!





SUDDENLY THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY AN OMINOUS ROAR - ENEMY ARTILLERY!!







YA GUYS TIRED  
OF LIVIN'?  
C'MON, MOVE!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHO'S WORSE,  
THAT MULVANEY  
OR THE REDS!

JUST MY LUCK!  
WHY'D THEY  
PICK A TIME  
LIKE THIS TO  
START AN ATTACK?

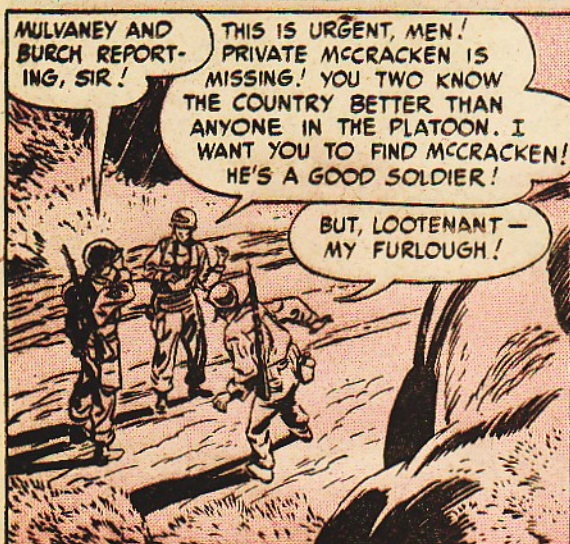


HEY, SARGE, JOE!  
FRONT AN'  
CENTER! THE  
LOOIE WANTS  
YA!

SOMETHIN' MUST  
BE UP! ON THE  
DOUBLE, BURCH—  
ON THE DOUBLE!

I JUST  
GOTTA GO  
HOME! I  
JUST GOTTA...

HUH? OH,  
SURE, SARGE,  
SURE THING...



MULVANEY AND  
BURCH REPORT-  
ING, SIR!

THIS IS URGENT, MEN!  
PRIVATE MCCrackEN IS  
MISSING! YOU TWO KNOW  
THE COUNTRY BETTER THAN  
ANYONE IN THE PLATOON. I  
WANT YOU TO FIND MCCrackEN!  
HE'S A GOOD SOLDIER!

BUT, LOOTENANT—  
MY FURLOUGH!



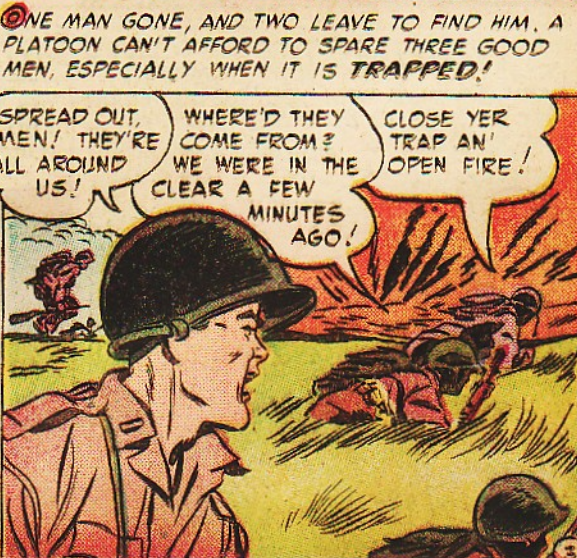
GOOD GRIEF, BURCH! THE  
REDS ARE LAUNCHING A  
MAJOR OFFENSIVE AND  
YOU WORRY ABOUT A  
FURLOUGH! FIND  
MCCrackEN! **THAT'S  
AN ORDER!**

YES, SIR,  
LOOTENANT!



"BUT, LOOTENANT—  
MY FURLOUGH!"  
HOW STOOID  
CAN YA GET?

AW, SHUT UP!  
LET'S GO FIND  
ZEB!



ONE MAN GONE, AND TWO LEAVE TO FIND HIM. A  
PLATOON CAN'T AFFORD TO SPARE THREE GOOD  
MEN, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS TRAPPED!

SPREAD OUT,  
MEN! THEY'RE  
ALL AROUND  
US!

WHERE'D THEY  
COME FROM?  
WE WERE IN THE  
CLEAR A FEW  
MINUTES  
AGO!

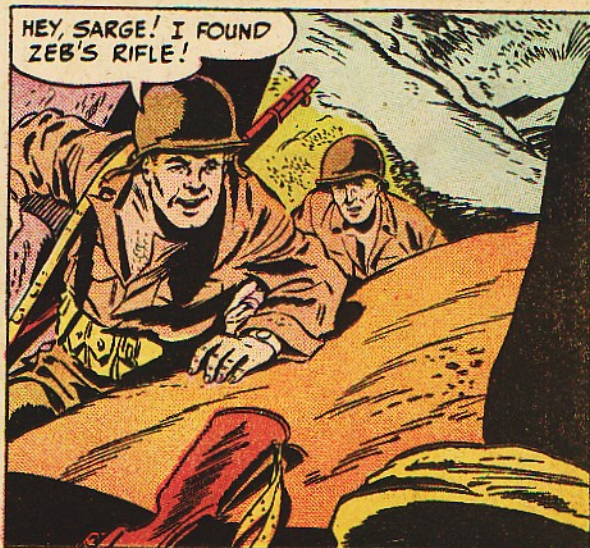
CLOSE YER  
TRAP AN'  
OPEN FIRE!





WHEW! WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE TWO HOURS ALREADY, SARGE—AN' NOT A TRACE OF ZEB!

C'MON! LET'S TRY THAT LEDGE UP THERE!

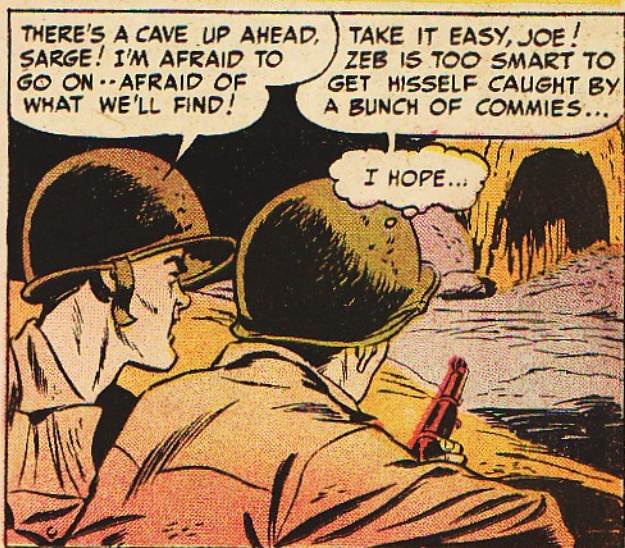


HEY, SARGE! I FOUND ZEB'S RIFLE!



ZEB WOULDN'T LOSE THIS RIFLE IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KID, AN'—JOE! THAT'S A BAYONET AN' CARTRIDGES!



THERE'S A CAVE UP AHEAD, SARGE! I'M AFRAID TO GO ON—AFRAID OF WHAT WE'LL FIND!

TAKE IT EASY, JOE! ZEB IS TOO SMART TO GET HISSELF CAUGHT BY A BUNCH OF COMMIES...

I HOPE...



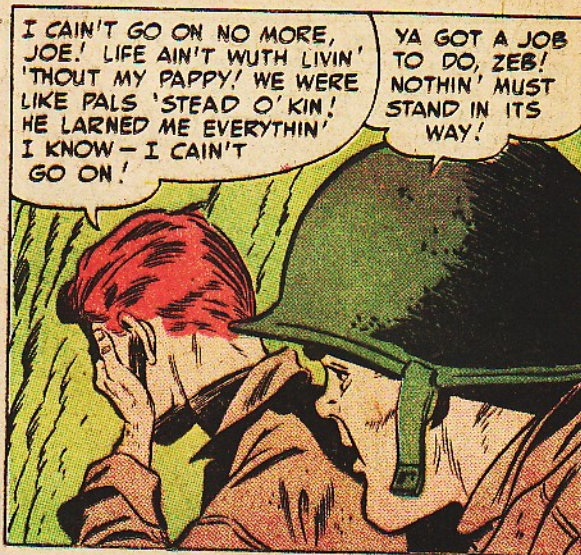
EASY DOES IT, JOE! IF YOU SEE "RED" LET THE LEAD FLY!

THANKS FOR TELLIN' ME, SARGE! I WOULDN'T'VE KNOWN!

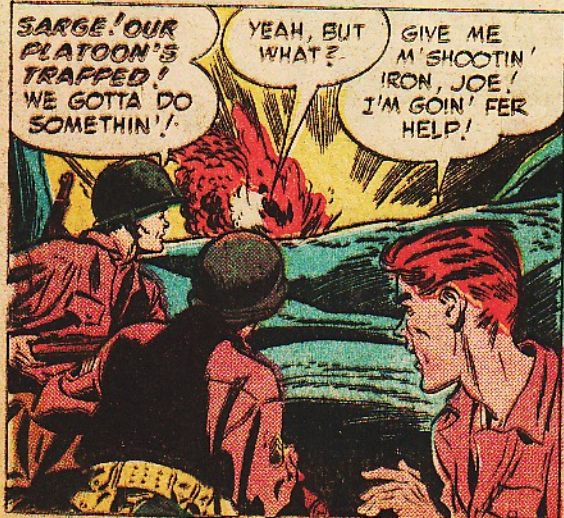


ZEB!!





HOURS LATER THE THREE WEARY GI'S RETURN...





THE DISTANCE TO THE U.N. LINES IS ONLY 300 YARDS - THREE CITY BLOCKS - BUT IT TAKES JOE AND MULVANEY ALL NIGHT TO MAKE THE TRIP. FINALLY, THE NEXT MORNING ...

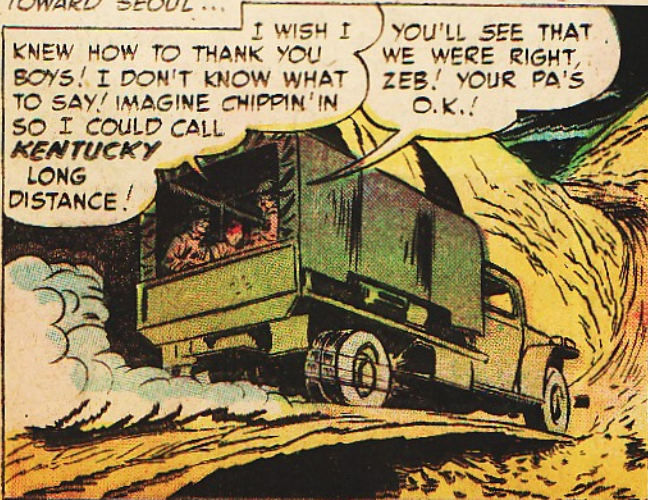
AND MCCrackEN DID GET THROUGH, FOR SUDDENLY...



AND SOON IT'S ALL OVER ...



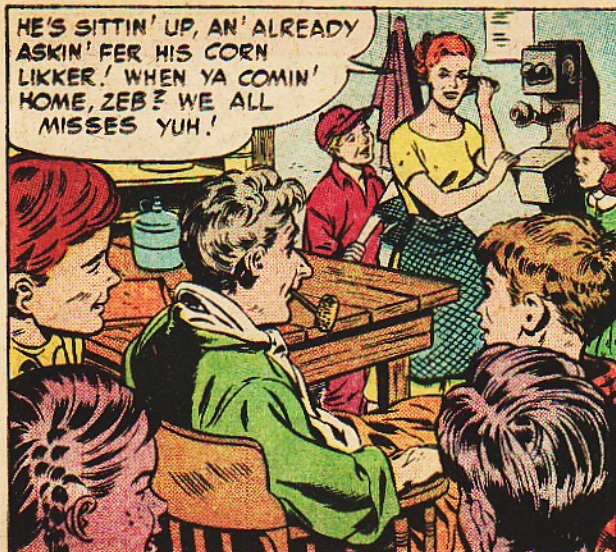
THE REQUEST IS GRANTED. JOE SPEAKS TO SOME OF HIS BUDDIES, AND THAT EVENING A TRUCK ROLLS TOWARD SEOUL ...



HALLO! HALLO! THAT YOU, EMMY LOU? THIS HYAR'S YER BROTHER, ZEB! YEAH - ZEB! HOW'S PAW, EMMY LOU? HOW IS HE?







HE'S SITTIN' UP, AN' ALREADY ASKIN' FER HIS CORN LIKKER! WHEN YA COMIN' HOME, ZEB? WE ALL MISSES YUH!



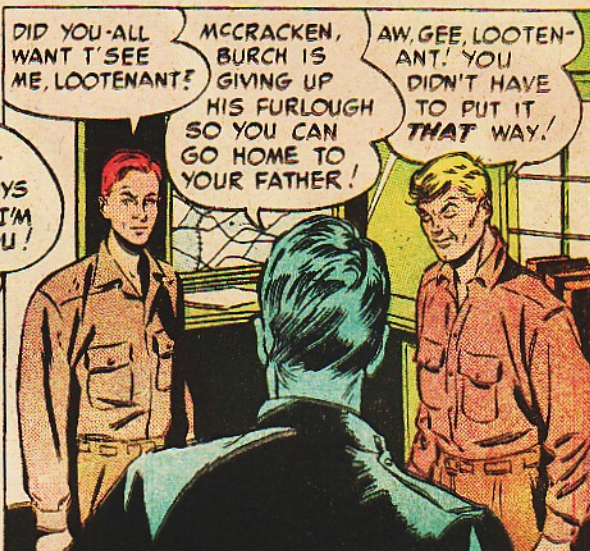
IT'LL BE AGES AFORE I'LL BE ABLE TO COME HOME, EMMY LOU - BUT... OH-OH, TIME'S UP! GOTTA HANG UP, GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE...

A DOUGHBOY IS MADE HAPPY. ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE UNPREDICTABLE G.I.! AND BACK IN A REST CAMP, JOE HAS ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR ZEB AS HE SPEAKS TO LIEUTENANT PARKER...



LOUTENANT, I WAS THINKIN' IT OVER. MCCrackEN COULD DO MORE WITH MY FURLOUGH THAN I CAN! SUSIE CAN WAIT- BUT MAYBE ZEB'S PAW CAN'T!

BURCH! THIS NEW REQUEST AND THAT PHONE CALL YOU BOYS FINANCED IN SEOUL - I'M PROUD OF ALL OF YOU! TELL MCCrackEN I WANT TO SEE HIM!



DID YOU-ALL WANT T'SEE ME, LOUTENANT?

MCCrackEN, BURCH IS GIVING UP HIS FURLOUGH SO YOU CAN GO HOME TO YOUR FATHER!

AW, GEE, LOUTENANT! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PUT IT THAT WAY!



BE READY TO LEAVE WITH THE TRUCK IN AN HOUR, MCCrackEN! HAVE A NICE TRIP!

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT T'SAY! I DIDN'T THINK NOBODY WOULD DO THIS FOR ME!

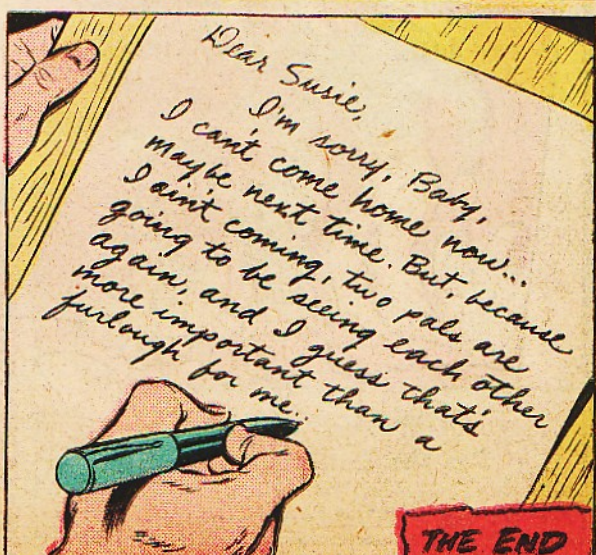
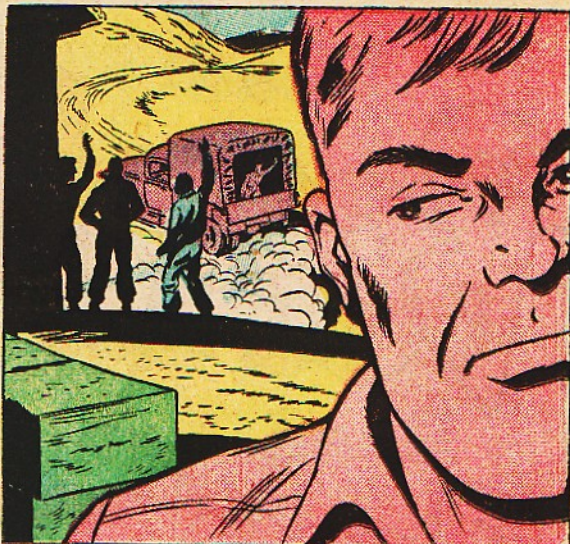
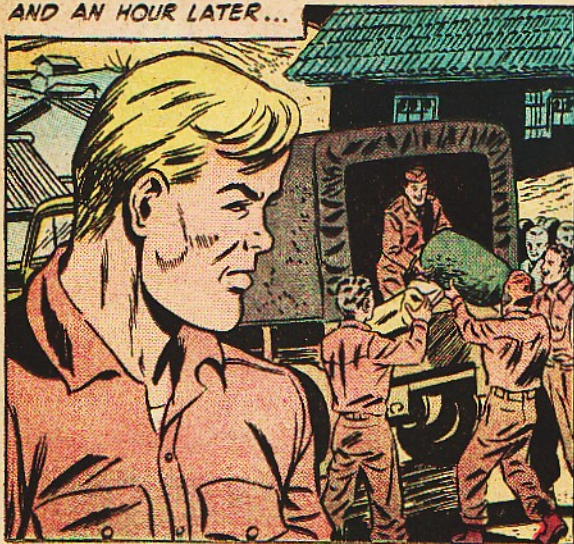


I'M ALL CHOKED UP, JOE... I WISH I KNEW HOW TO THANK YA! HERE, TAKE CARE O' M' SHOOTIN' IRON TILL I GET BACK... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I'D EVER TRUST TO TAKE CARE OF BABY...

I-ILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, ZEB! GOOD LUCK!



AND AN HOUR LATER...



Dear Susie,  
I'm sorry, Baby!  
I can't come home now...  
maybe next time. But, because  
I ain't coming, two pals are  
going to be seeing each other  
again, and I guess that's  
more important than a  
furlough for me.

THE END



★ AMERICA'S NEWEST COMICS STAR ★

**Read! - - See!**

# Beanbags



**Read! - - See!**

# Beanbags

**Read! - See!**

## INTRODUCING

BEANBAGS, Idabelle,  
Bozo, King Notze Mportant,  
and Dismal Dick—  
The Seegar Smokin' Seagull.

### THE ROAD TO ZANYTOPIA!

is paved with problems—  
Can Beanbags solve 'em?

### CULINARY CAPERS!

C'mon in,  
the Zanymulch is fine!—  
But what is it?

### SHIPWRECKED!

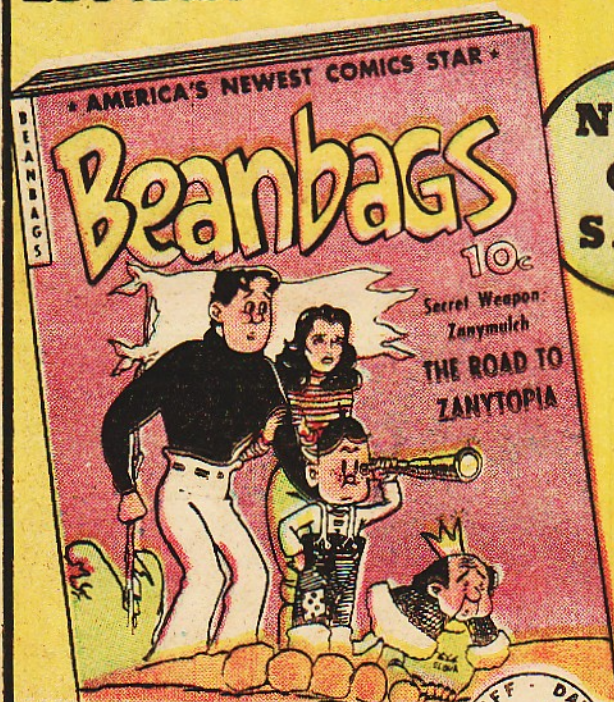
Hot sun and warm South Seas  
Can cool heads prevail?

⚓ **Plus** ⚓  
**HARDTACK!**

**TOWLINE TILLIE!**

**SAVED BY A FISH!**

**Come aboard  
for a riot  
of thrills and laughter!**



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# The YARDBIRDS

WINDY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED THE BOMB FUSE TO THE LEFT!

WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

"HOW TO REMOVE BOMB FUSES"

FUSE

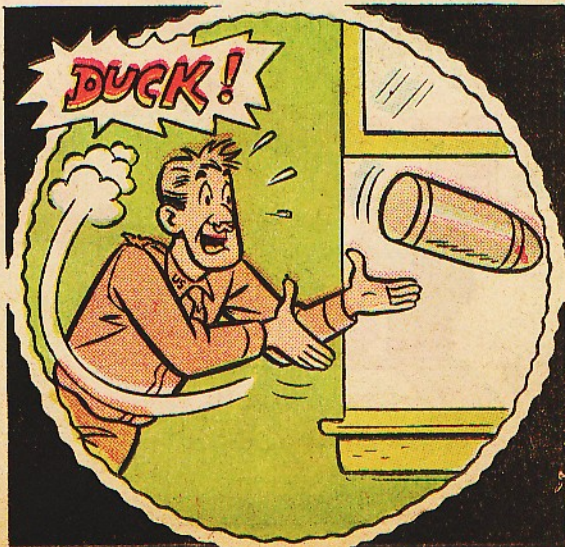
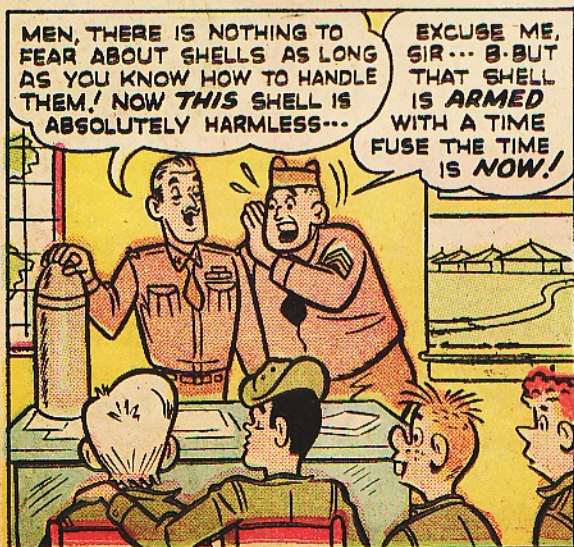
**BWOOM!**

BASIC TRAINING AIMS AT PREPARING THE SOLDIER FOR BATTLE, BUT THE ARMY MIGHT HAVE BEEN WISER IF THEY HAD SENT THE **YARDBIRDS** INTO COMBAT TO PREPARE FOR BASIC TRAINING FOR IT WAS IN BASIC THAT THEY GOT --- **"SHELL SHOCKED"**

MEN, THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR ABOUT SHELLS AS LONG AS YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! NOW **THIS** SHELL IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS---

EXCUSE ME, SIR... B-BUT THAT SHELL IS **ARMED** WITH A TIME FUSE THE TIME IS **NOW!**

**DUCK!**







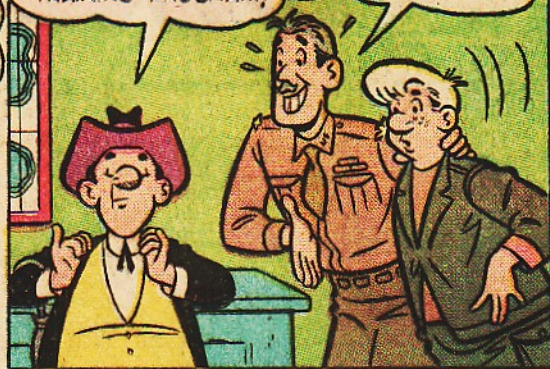
I AM BASIL G. MURGATROD, MAYOR OF FLATVILLE, AND I'VE COME TO SEE HOW OUR BOYS ARE PREPARED FOR COMBAT! OH, YES-- I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THAT NICE RECEPTION! YOU REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO GET OFF THAT EXPLOSION JUST FOR ME!

ER-- THINK NOTHING OF IT, MAYOR! I HOPE IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU!



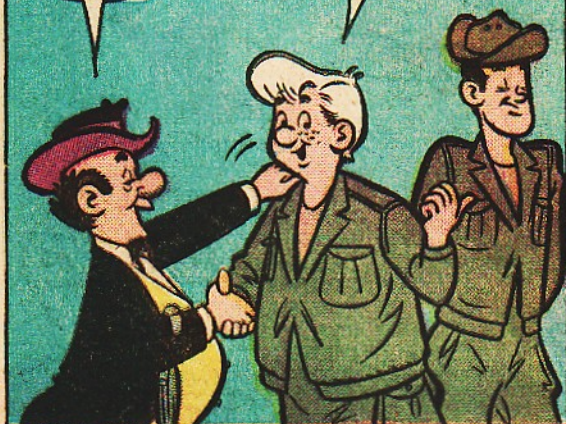
COULDN'T SCARE ME, COLONEL! I WAS AT ARGONNE FOREST IN THE FIRST WAR! NOW I'D LIKE YOUR BEST MAN TO SHOW ME AROUND! I'M MOST INTERESTED IN THE TRAINING PROGRAM!

WELL, THIS ISN'T MY BEST MAN, YOUR HONOR-- BUT HE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND! THIS IS PRIVATE WHITEY HICKS!



PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, SON!

GOSH, MR. MAYOR, CAN I TAKE ALONG MY PAL, WINDY?



ANY FRIEND OF YOURS IS A FRIEND OF MINE! SEE YOU LATER, COLONEL!

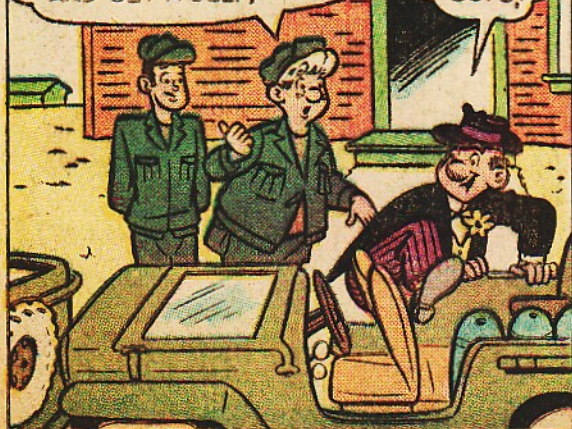
REMEMBER MEN... THERE'S NO REASON TO FEAR SHELLS ONCE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM!

BOY!... AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THOSE YARDBIRDS!



I GUESS YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THE ARTILLERY RANGE AND THE INFILTRATION COURSE! I'LL CALL THE MOTOR POOL AND GET A JEEP!

THIS ONE WILL DO FINE... HOP IN, BOYS!



SECONDS LATER...

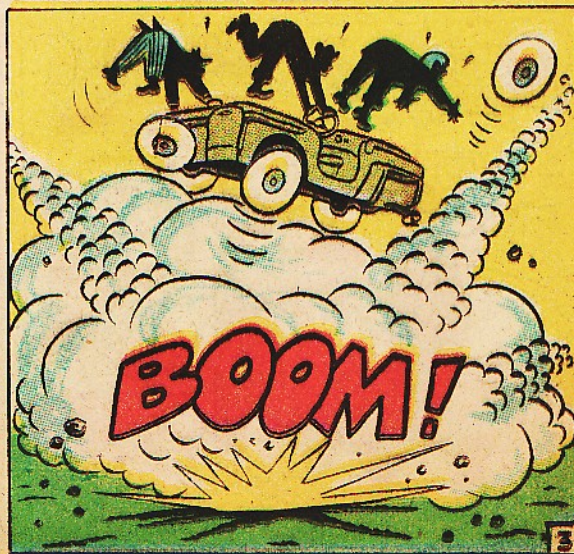
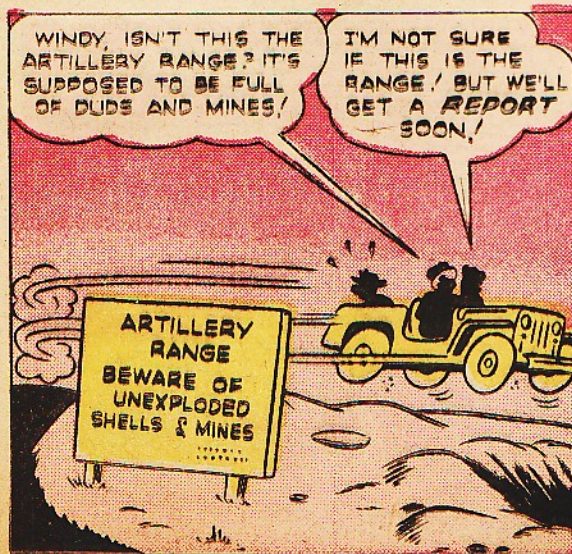
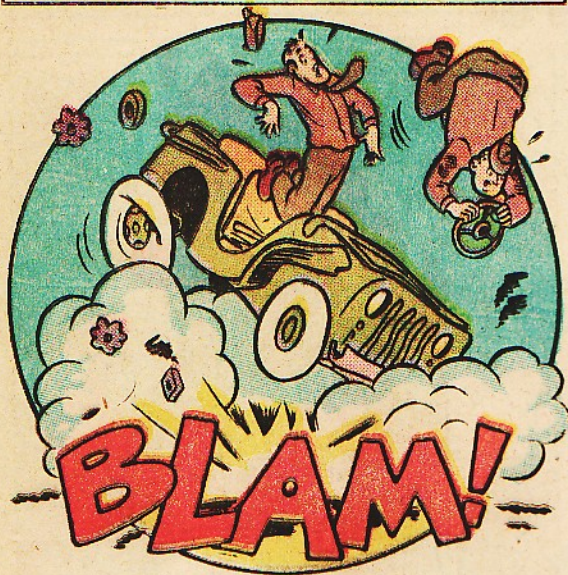
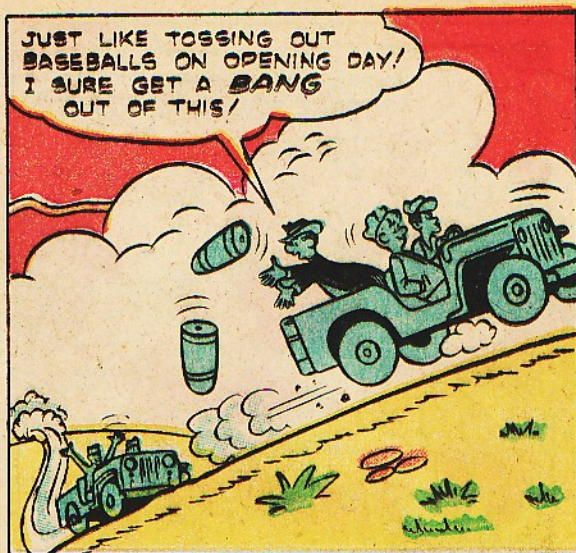
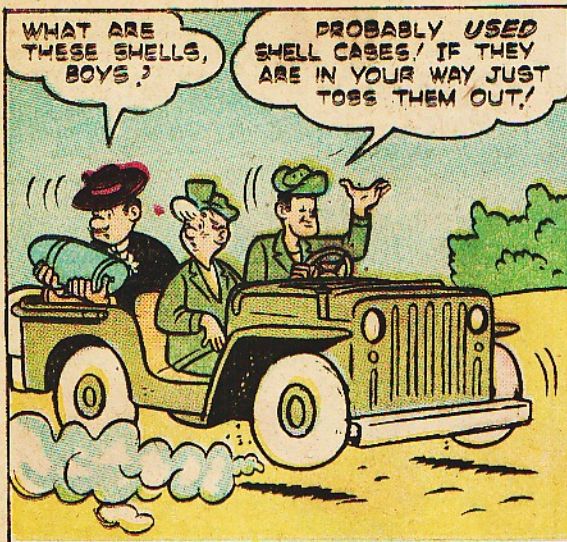
COLONEL, SOMEONE STOLE MY JEEP AND THERE ARE LIVE SHELLS IN THE BACK!

YIPE!!! IF THE MAYOR FINDS OUT ABOUT THOSE SHELLS-- HE'LL BLOW HIS TOP!

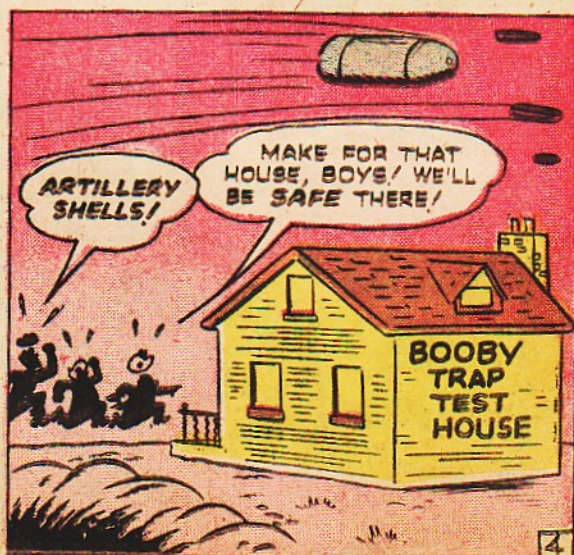
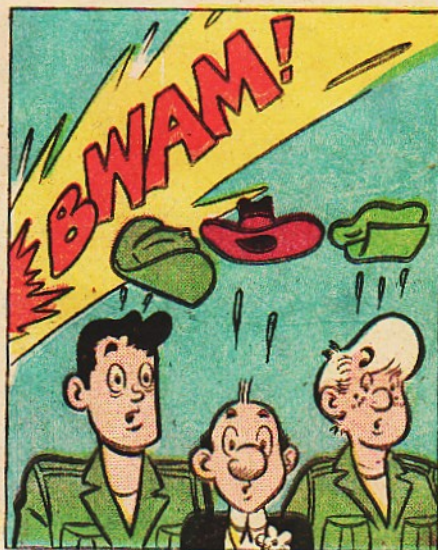
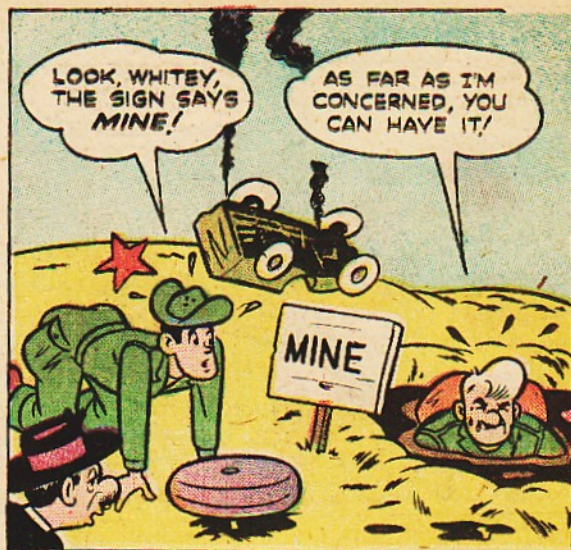
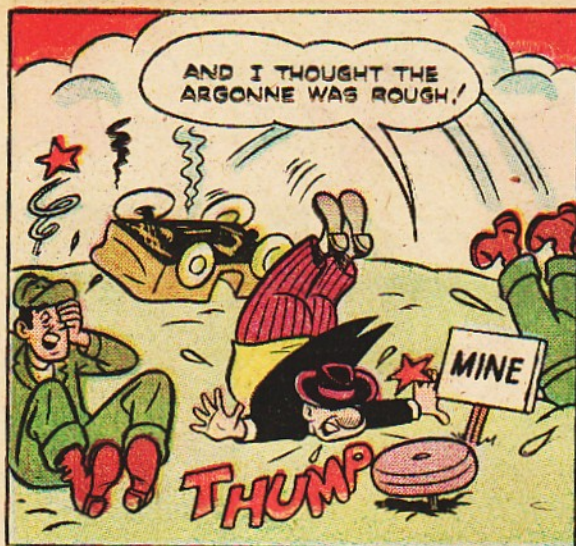
WE CAN CHASE THEM IN YOUR JEEP!



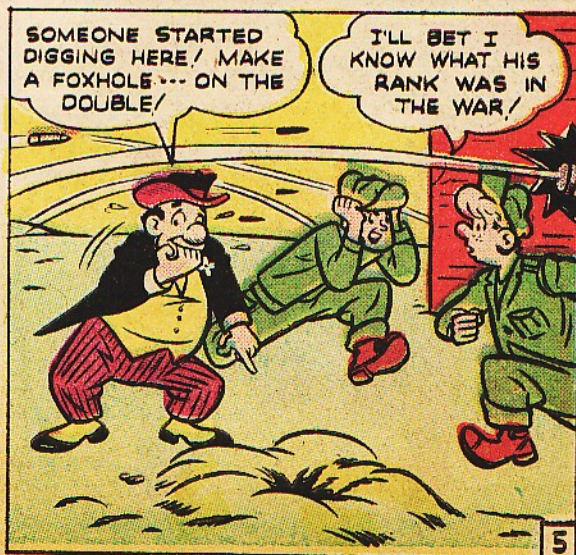
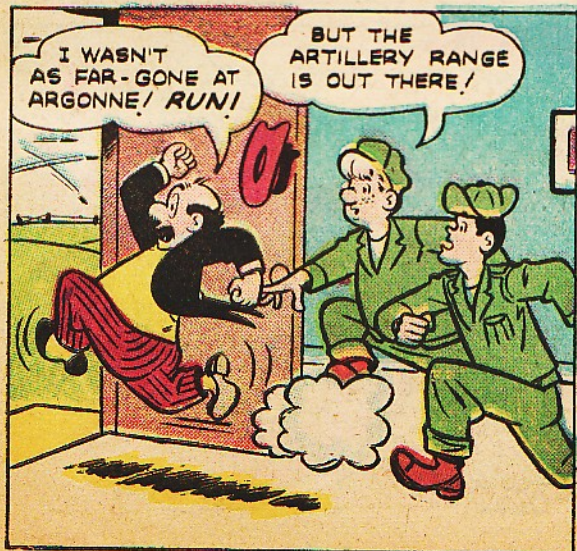
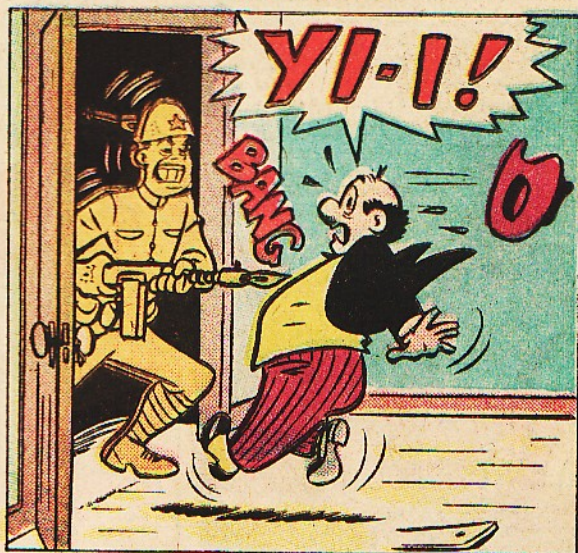
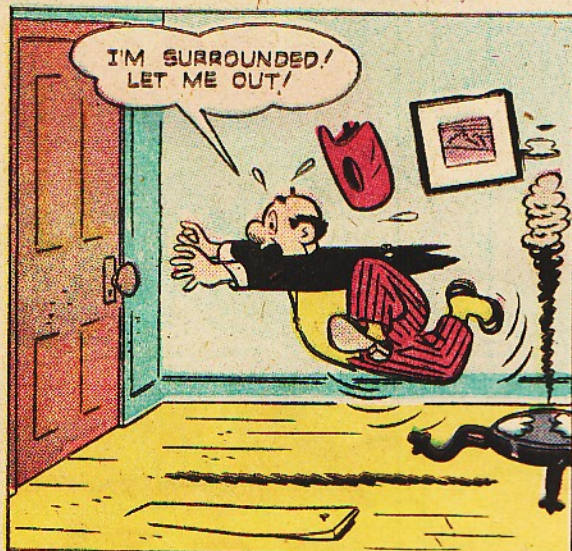
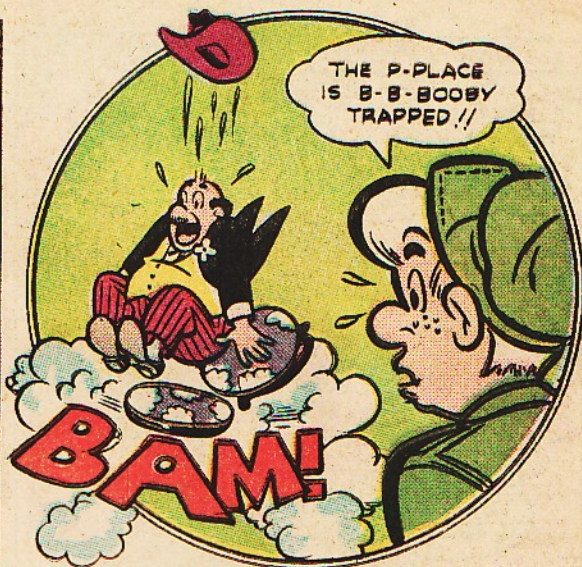
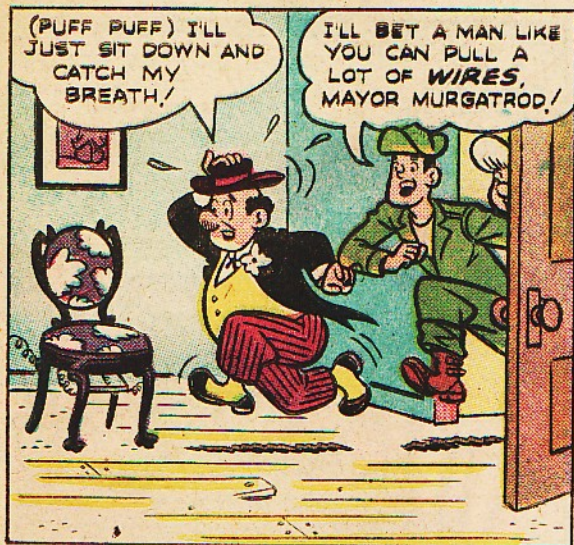














**SECONDS LATER...**

MR. MAYOR ARE  
YOU ALL RIGHT?  
I SAW YOU HERE  
AND CRAWLED OVER!

OH!... I  
WISH I HAD MY  
FIRE DEPARTMENT  
HERE!

WINDY,  
LOOK WHAT  
I FOUND!

A 155  
SHELL AND  
IT'S TICKING!

OH, NO, SIR! THE SHELL'S  
A *DUD*! THAT'S MY  
WATCH TICKING!

IT SAYS IT'S JUST  
TWO O'CLOCK!

TWO O'CLOCK?...  
IT'S *FOUR* O'CLOCK!  
YOUR WATCH  
STOPPED!

THEN I  
KNOW  
WHAT  
TIME IT IS -  
TIME TO  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

THROW  
THAT  
SHELL  
AWAY!

IF YOU SAY  
SO, SIR! BUT  
I NOT AFRAID  
IT--I KNOW  
HOW TO HANDLE  
SHELLS!

**BOOM!**

WELL, YOUR HONOR, DOES OUR TRAINING HERE SEEM TO PREPARE THE MEN FOR THE DANGERS OF COMBAT?

COLONEL,  
AFTER THIS  
TRAINING-  
I WOULD  
EVEN FEEL  
SECURE IN  
COMBAT!

LATER . . .

**LATER . . .** BRAVERY SURE PAYS OFF! THE COLONEL GAVE US THE PASSES FOR "BRAVERY UNDER FIRE"! THERE ISN'T AN EXPLOSIVE THAT I FEAR!

WINDY,  
L-L-LOOK!

**HIT THE GROUND!**

**END**



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

# THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



**Fun...Thrills...Action!**  
**see special coupon offer!**

**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER  
ALL FOR 25¢**

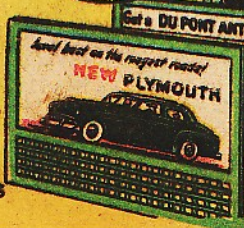
See all the  
Lionel Trains  
and accessories  
in Catalogue



**HEAR Bells ...  
whistles ...  
horns ... on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.**



**TEN  
FULL-  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS**



This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma ... everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

5½" double-faced phonograph record\* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

\*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed spindle or automatic changers.

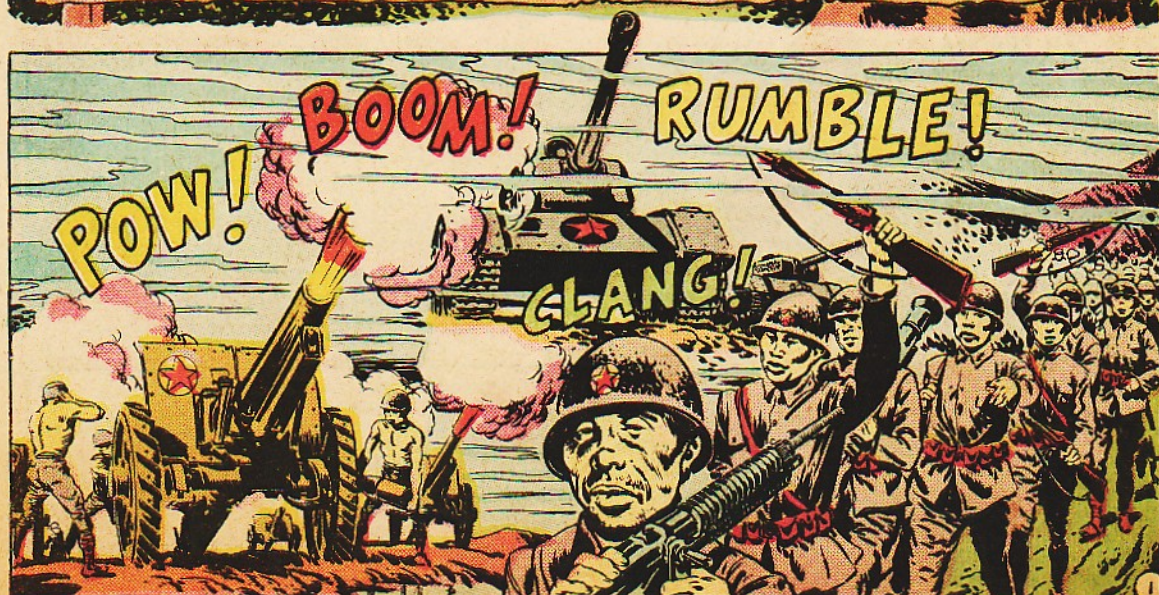
LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 56  
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y.

I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

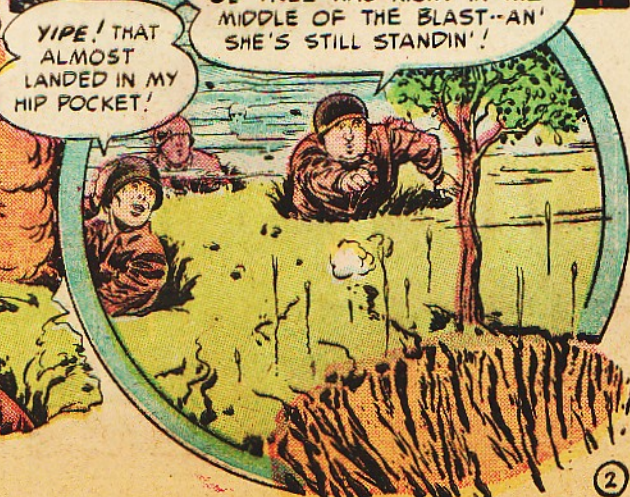
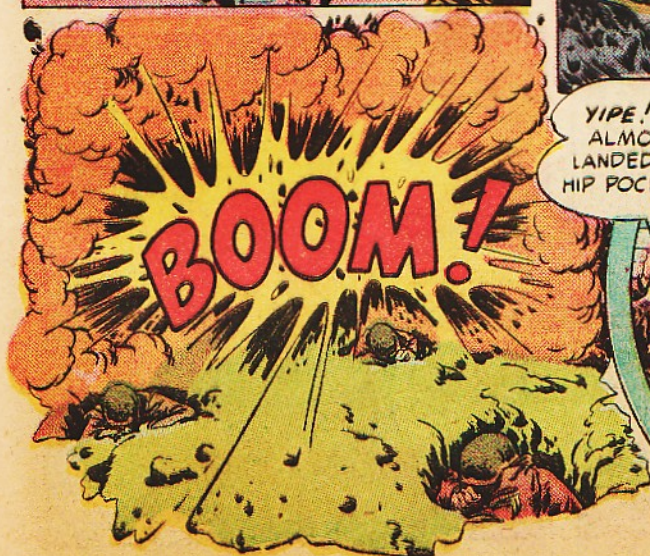
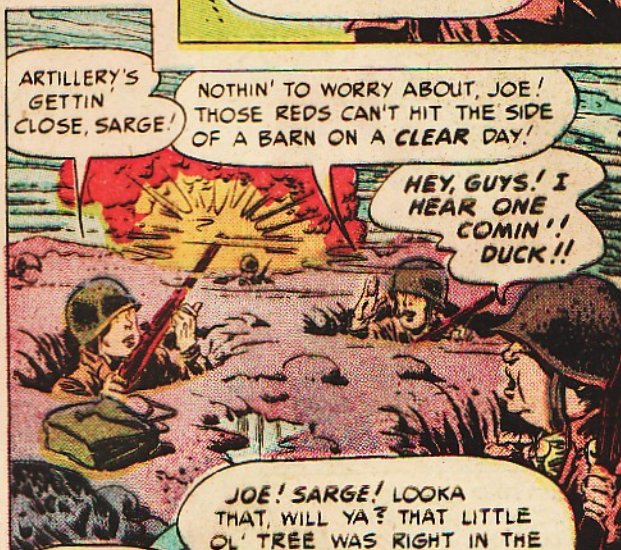
1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 5½" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





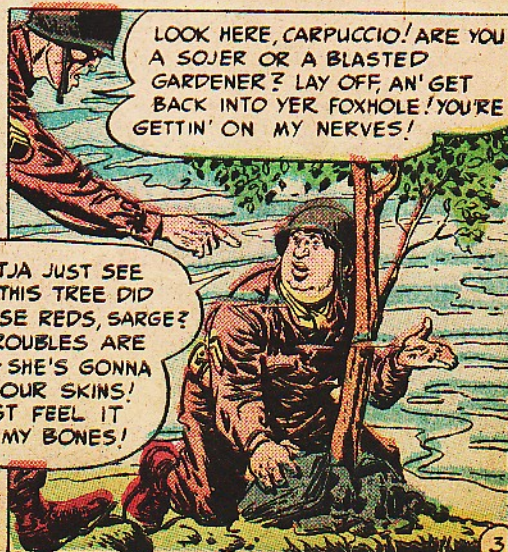
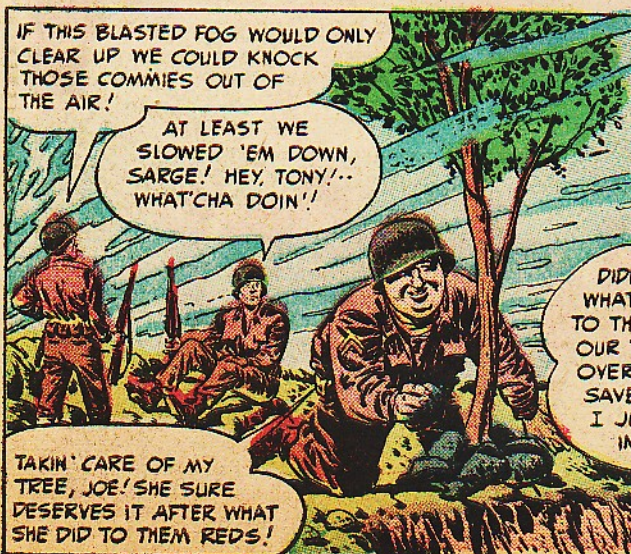
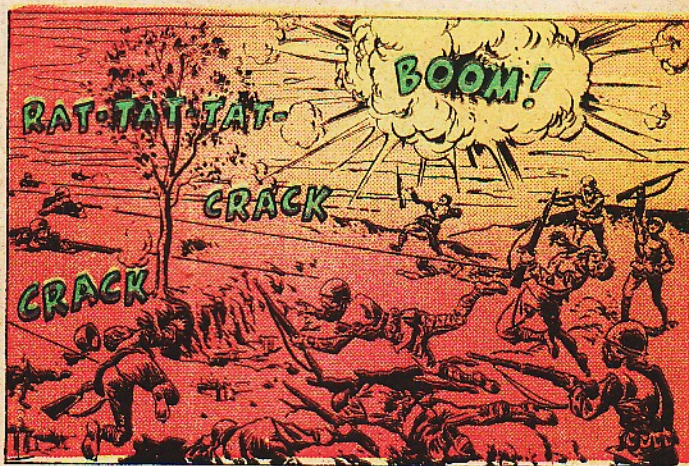








THE ENEMY THROWS HIS INFANTRY AT THE GI'S AND A BLOODY BATTLE ENSUES. BUT THREE HOURS LATER, THE COMMUNIST FORCES HAVE FAILED TO DISLODGE THE U.N. ARMY!





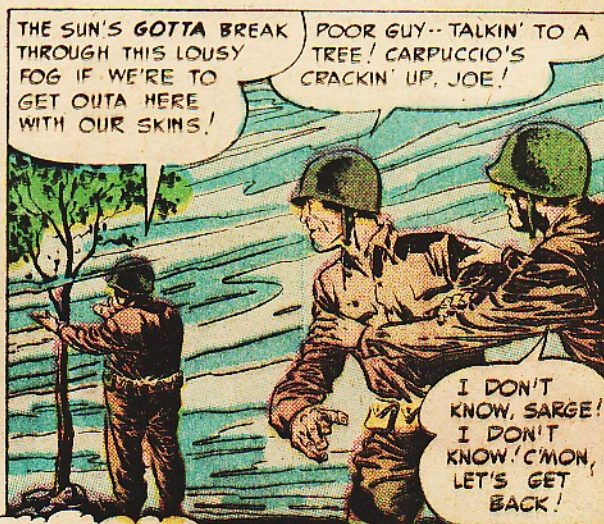
DAYS PASS, AND THE FIRST PLATOON OF "BAKER" COMPANY GETS A BREATH AS THE ENEMY PULLS BACK TO RE-GROUP. BUT CORPORAL CARPUCCIO IS HAVING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN...



DAYS PASS, THE FOG CONTINUES AND THE DELAY TAKES ITS TOLL ON GI NERVES...

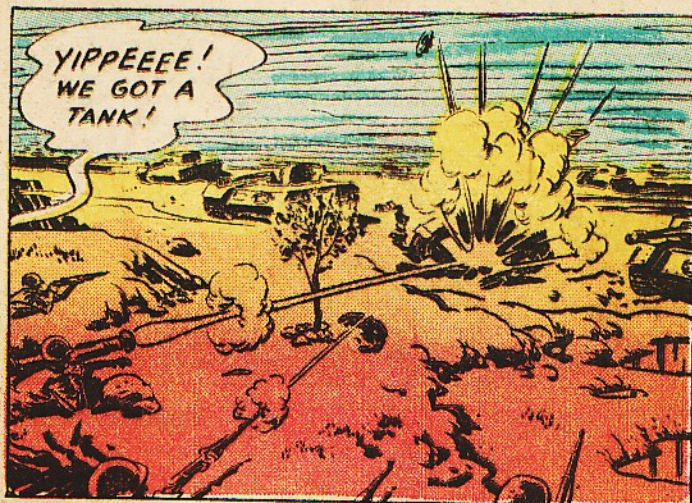
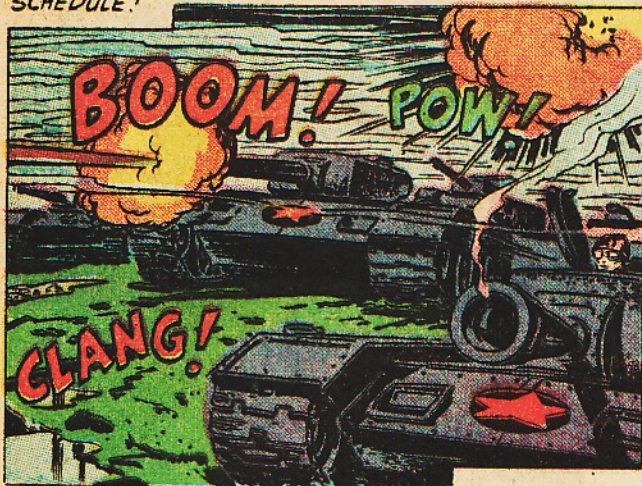




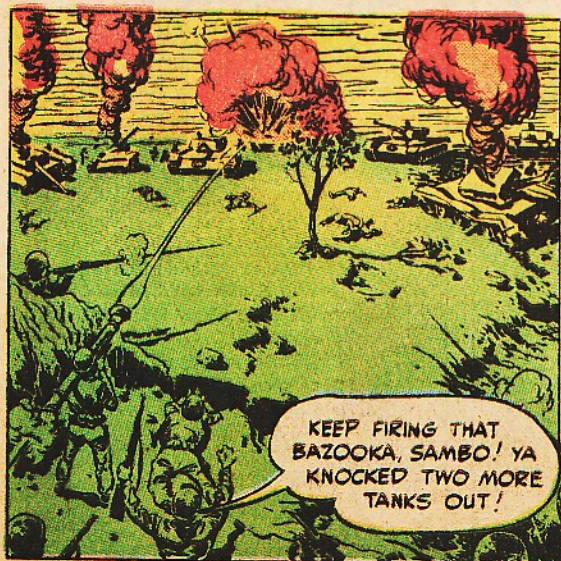




THE NEXT MORNING, WITH THE DENSE FOG STILL HOVERING OVER THE BATTLE LINES, THE ENEMY TANKS ARRIVE ON SCHEDULE!

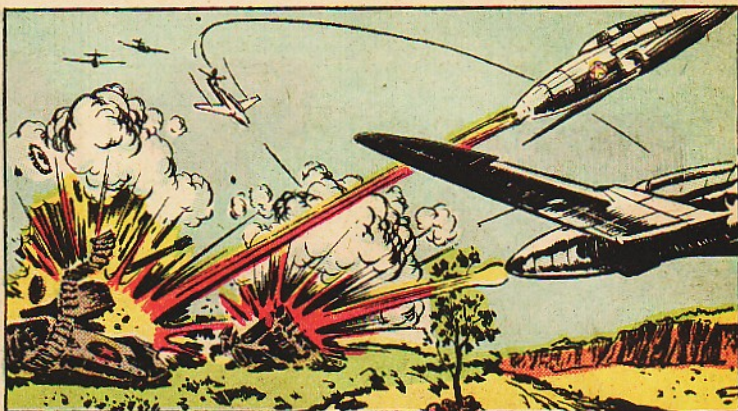


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE ENEMY TRIES TO ADVANCE BUT HEAVY ALLIED FIREPOWER DRIVES HIM BACK EACH TIME...

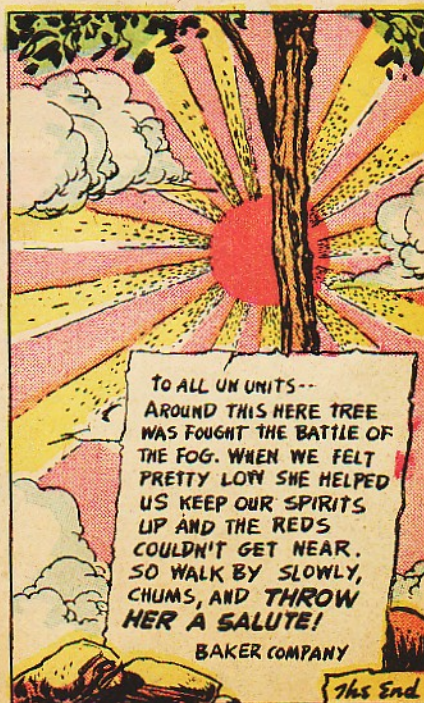
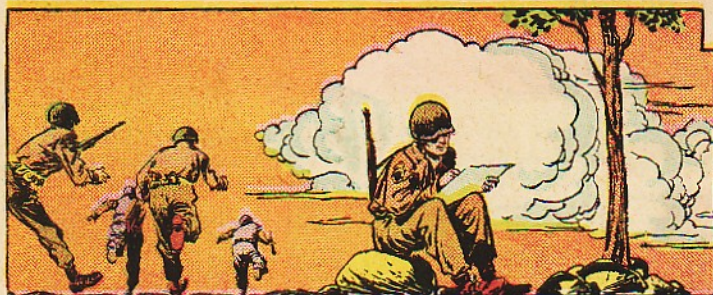




SUDDENLY THE FOG LIFTS  
AND ...



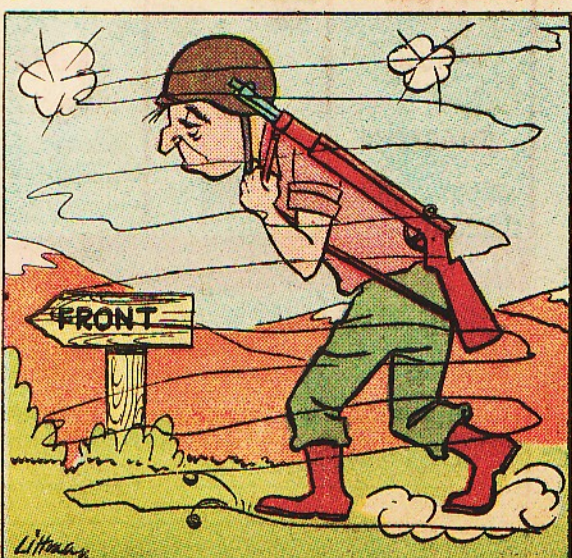
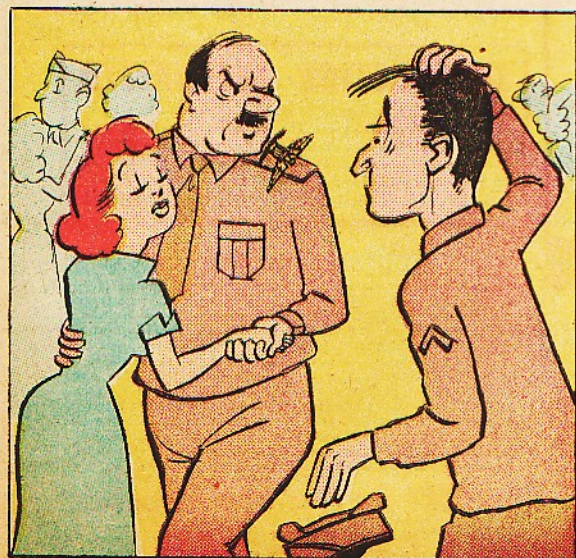
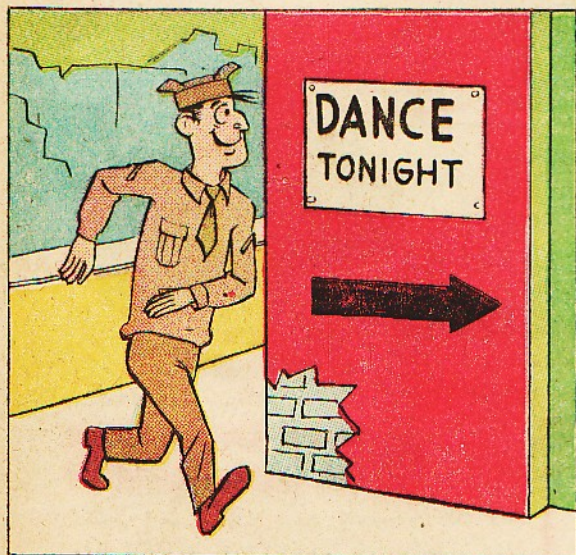
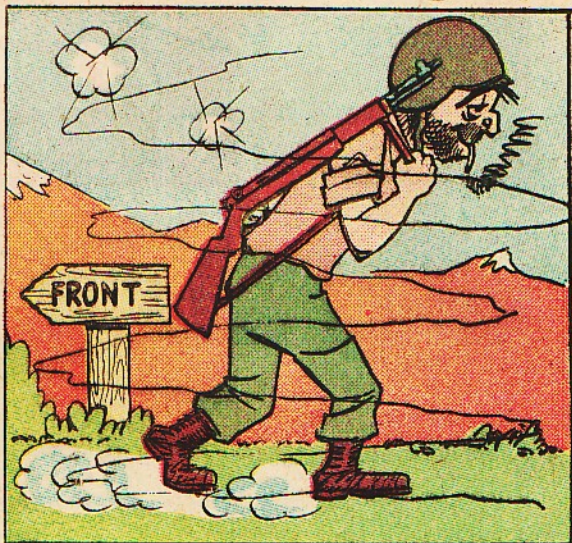
WITH AMERICAN JETS PAYING THE  
WAY, THE GI'S TAKE OFF AFTER  
THE FLEEING ENEMY...



*This End*



# FAST DANCE







# 36-PIECE ELECTRIC WORK KIT

1001 Uses for Home, Workshop, Farm and Factory



SPECIAL ALLOY STEEL  
PRECISION BUILT 3-JAW CHUCK  
FITS ALL SHANKS UP TO 1/4-INCH

Never Before—Never Again  
a Value Like This

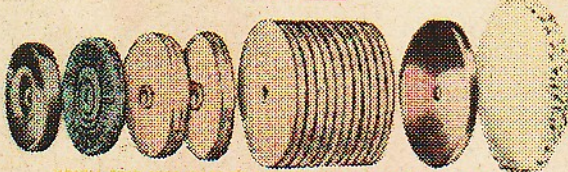
Everything  
You Need  
for only

**\$14.95**  
COM-  
PLETE

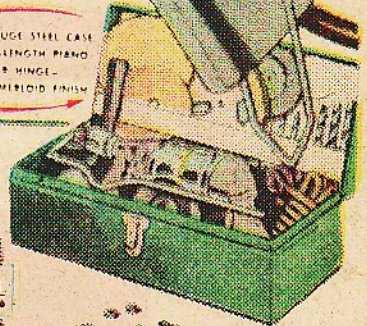
STEEL BENCH STAND INCLUDED  
USE AS BENCH OR HAND TOOL

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ON AND OFF  
SWITCH

HEAVY GAUGE STEEL CASE  
WITH FULL-LENGTH PIANO  
TYPE COVER HINGE  
BLUE HAMMERED FINISH



YOU'LL FIND 1001 WAYS TO USE THESE MANY ACCESSORIES FOR  
• BUFFING • CLEANING • DRILLING • RUST REMOVING • GRINDING • POLISHING  
• RUBBING • WIRE BRUSHING • SANDING • WAXING • SHARPENING • MIXING PAINT



<b>POLISHES</b>  Autos, Floors, Silverware and other metal & wood surfaces. <b>SANDS</b>  Table tops, Autos, before painting. <b>SHARPENS</b>  Tools, knives, axes, skates.	<b>DRILLS</b>  Bores up to 1/2 inch in metal, wood and similar surfaces. <b>MIXES</b>  Mix paint in one minute or also mix trowel.	<b>BRUSHES</b>  Removes rust and paint from radiators, boiler and clean jets & pans. <b>BUFFS</b>  Jewelry, Silverware, Gold Chains, Watches, Tools, etc. <b>A HANDY KIT FOR SO MANY USEFUL JOBS</b>
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Try For 10 Days In Your Own Home  
On Our No-Risk Examination Offer!

See for yourself how FAST and EASY  
this AMAZING ELECTRIC WORK KIT  
enables you to do these tough jobs

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is the 1st time this 36-piece Electric Work Kit has ever been offered by us for the LOW PRICE of only \$14.95. You must be entirely satisfied and agree it is the great value we represent it to be or you can return the kit within 10 days for full refund.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola, Chicago 26, IL.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail This "No-Risk" Coupon Today!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9835  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the 36-Piece Electric Work Kit, complete as shown, C.O.D. at your special LOW PRICE of only \$14.95 plus C.O.D. postage charges. I must be delighted in every way or I can return Kit within 10 days for full refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

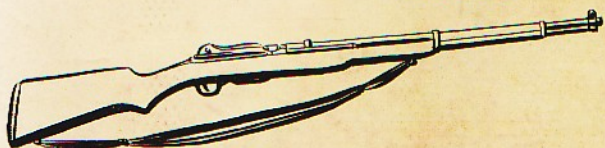
Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you to own the kind of Electric Drill Work Kit you've always wanted—at a price many dollars below what you might ordinarily expect to pay for such a quality outfit. You'll be delighted with the way this miracle Electric Work Kit of a 1001 uses performs. You'll be amazed to see how quickly its accessory pieces enable you to automatically complete one job after another—with the greatest of ease and skill. No man can afford to be without this many purpose Electric Drill Kit. Yet even housewives will find it invaluable for polishing, buffing and sharpening hundreds of household items. This marvelous new work-saver is precision built throughout of sturdiest materials—is fully covered with a written guarantee and is Underwriters Laboratories approved. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions are included with every kit.

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These Kits will go fast on this Bargain Offer so  
RUSH YOUR ORDER on the Handy Coupon Today!



# OUR ARMY AND ITS WEAPONS — The **GARAND** RIFLE



**D**EVELOPED BY JOHN C. GARAND, THIS SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPON IS CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST EFFICIENT MILITARY RIFLE IN USE IN ANY ARMY TODAY.

**B**EFORE BEING ACCEPTED, THE WEAPON HAD TO PASS SUCH TESTS AS POURING SAND INTO THE BARREL AND MECHANISM, COVERING IT WITH MUD, DRENCHING IT IN WATER, AND BEING DROPPED WITH THE MAGAZINE OPEN.



**A**N EXPERT RIFLEMAN CAN ATTAIN A FIRING SPEED OF 100 AIMED SHOTS A MINUTE WITH THE GARAND. NORMAL SPEED IS 40 SHOTS PER MINUTE.



**T**HE GARAND RIFLE WAS OFFICIALLY ADOPTED AS THE STANDARD WEAPON OF THE INFANTRY IN 1936 AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS AND THOROUGH TESTING BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS. IT REPLACES THE OLD BOLT ACTION SPRINGFIELD RIFLE.



**T**HE GARAND (ALSO KNOWN AS THE M-1) HAS A BARREL ABOUT 22½ INCHES LONG, WHILE THE OVER-ALL LENGTH OF THE RIFLE IS 43 INCHES. ITS EFFECTIVE MILITARY FIRING RANGE IS FROM 600 TO 1000 YARDS.



**E**ACH GARAND RIFLE COSTS THE GOVERNMENT \$80.00 TO PRODUCE AND CONTAINS 72 PARTS. A .30 CALIBRE CARTRIDGE IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO ASSEMBLE AND DISASSEMBLE IT. THE SHARP NOSE OF THIS BULLET IS ALL THAT IS REQUIRED TO START AND FINISH THE ENTIRE JOB.

